Accessions
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C. Mansfield Ingleby, in his "Shakespeare Fabrications", calls attention to a striking parallel between the "Old Corrector's (Collier's folio) reading ——

"Canst thou not ——
—— with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous grief
Which weighs upon the heart,"

and the following passage in this play ——

"but what
Can physicke do to cure that hideous wound
My lusts have given my conscience? which I see
Is that which onely is diseased within,
—— that layes upon my heart,
This heavy load that weighes it downe with griefe;
and no disease beside, for which there is
No cure I see at all, nor no redresse."
&c. ——

In this passage Ingleby

apparently limits the parallelism to the word grief, but does not dwell upon the great similarity of the two passages in other respects. See the words —

"that layes upon the heart

This heavy load that weighes it downe with grief

where by substituting a word in the second line for one in the first we have the very language of Shakespeare.

J. H. B.

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THE QVEENES ARCADIA.

A Pastorall Trage-comedie *presented to her Maiestie and* her Ladies, by the Vniuersitie of *Oxford in Christs Church*, in August last. 1605.

By Samuel Daniel.

AT LONDON
Printed by *G. Eld*, for *Simon Waterson*,
1606.

The names of the Actors.

Melibæus. } two ancient *Arcadians.*
Ergastus. }
Colax, a corrupted traueller.
Techne. a subtle wench of *Corinth.*
Amyntas. } the louers of *Cloris.*
Carinus. }
Cloris.
Palæmon. } iealous Louers.
Silvia. }
Mirtillus.
Dorinda.
Amarillis, in loue with *Carinus.*
Daphne, abused by *Colax.*
Alcon, a Quacksaluer.
Lincus, a Petyfogger. ——— a Petifogg^r
Montanus, the father of *Amyntas.*
Aeryſius, the father of *Cloris.*
Pistophœnax, a disguiser of Religion.

DUPLICATE
Bridgew^r. Lib^y.

To the Queenes most exccellent Maiestie.

THat which their zeale, whose onely zeale was bent
To shew the best they could, that might delight
Your royall minde, did lately represent
Renowmed Empresse to your Princely sight:
Is now the offring of their humblenesse,
Here consecrated to your glorious name;
Whose happy presence did voutchsafe to blesse
So poore presentments, and to grace the same:
And though it be in th' humblest ranke of words,
And in the lowest region of our speach,
Yet is it in that kinde, as best accords
With rurall passions, which vse not to reach
Beyond the groues, and woods where they were bred:
And best become a claustrall exercise,
Where men shut out, retyr'd, and sequestred
From publicke fashion, seeme to sympathize
With innocent, and plaine simplicitie:
And liuing here vnder the awfull hand
Of discipline, and strict obseruancie,
Learne but our weaknesses to vnderstand.
And therefore dare not enterprize to show
In lowder stile the hidden mysteries,
And artes of Thrones, which none that are below
The Sphere of action, and the exercise
Of power, can truly shew: though men may straine
Conceipt abone the pitch where it should stand,
And forme more monstrous figures then containe
A possibilitie, and goe beyond
The nature of those managements so farre,
As oft their common decencie they mar:
Whereby the populasse (in whom such skill
Is needlesse) may be brought to apprehend
Notions, that may turne all to a taste of ill
What euer power shall do, or might intend:

And thinke all, cunning, all proceeding one,
And nothing simple, and sincerely done:
Yet the eye of practise, looking downe from hie
Vpon such ouer-reaching vanitie,
Sees how from errour t'error it doth flote,
As from an vnknowne Ocean int' a Gulfe:
And how though th'Woolfe, would counterfeit the Goate,
Yet euery chinke bewrayes him for a Woolfe.
And therefore in the view of state t'haue showd
A counterfeit of state, had been to light
A candle to the Sunne, and so bestowd
Our paines to bring our dimnesse vnto light.
For maiestie, and power, can nothing see
Without it selfe, that can sight-worthy be.
And therefore durst not we but on the ground,
From whence our humble Argument hath birth,
Erect our Scene, and thereon are we found,
And if we fall, we fall but on the earth,
From whence we pluckt the flowers that here we bring;
Which if at their first opening they did please,
It was enough, they serue but for a spring,
The first sent is the best in things as these:
A musicke of this nature on this ground,
Is euer wont to vanish with the sound.
But yet your royall goodnesse may raise new,
Grace but the Muses they will honour you.

Chi non fà, non falla.

THE QVEENES ARCADIA.

Actus primi. Scena. 1.

Ergastus. Melibæus.

Erg. HOw is it *Melibæus* that we finde
Our Countrey, faire *Arcadia*, so much changd
From what it was, that was thou knowst of late,
The gentle region of plaine honestie,
The modest seat, of vndisguised trueth,
Inhabited with simple innocence:
And now, I know not how, as if it were,
Vnhallowed, and diuested of that grace,
Hath put off that faire nature which it had,
And growes like ruder countries, or more bad.

Mal. Indeed *Ergastus* I haue neuer knowne,
So vniuersall a distemperature,
In all parts of the body of our state,
As now there is; nor euer haue we heard
So much complaining of disloyaltie,
Amongst our younger Nimphes, nor euer found
Our heardsmen so deluded in their loues,
As if there were no faith on either side.
We neuer had in any age before
So many spotlesse Nimphes, so much distaind
With black report, and wrongfull infamie,
That few escape the tongue of malice free.

Erg. And me thinkes too, our very ayre is changd,
Our holesome climate growne more maladiue,
The fogges, and the Syrene offends vs more
(Or we made thinke so) then they did before.
The windes of Autumne, now are said to bring
More noysomnesse, then those do of the Spring:

And all of vs feele new infirmities,
New Feuers, new Catarres, oppresse our powers,
The milke wherewith we cur'd all maladies,
Hath either lost the nature or we ours.
Mel. And we that neuer were accustomed
To quarrell for our bounds, how do we see
Montanus and *Acryſius* interſtriue
How farre their ſeuerall Sheep-walkes ſhould extend,
And cannot be agreed do what we can:
As if ſome vnderworking hand ſtrake fire,
To th'apt inkindling tinder of debate,
And foſtred their contention and their hate.
Erg. And me thinkes too, the beautie of our Nimphes
Is not the ſame, as it was wont to be.
That Roſie hew, the glory of the Cheeke,
Is either ſtolne, or elſe they haue forgot,
To bluſh with ſhame, or to be pale with feare:
Or elſe their ſhame doth make them alwayes bluſh,
For alwayes doth their beauties beare one hew,
And either Nature's falſe, or that vntrue.
Mel. Beſides their various habits grow ſo ſtrange,
As that although their faces certaine are,
Their bodies are vncertaine euery day,
And alwayes diffring from themſelues ſo far,
As if they ſcorn'd to be the ſame they are.
And all of vs are ſo tranſformd, that we
Diſcerne not an *Arcadian* by th'attyre,
Our ancient Paſtorall habits are diſpiſd,
And all is ſtrange, hearts, clothes, and all diſguiſd.
Erg. Indeed vnto our griefe we may perceiue,
The whole complection of *Arcadia* chang'd,
Yet cannot finde th'occaſion of this change:
But let vs with more wary eye obſerue
Whence the contagion of theſe cuſtomes riſe,
That haue infected thus our honeſt plaines,
With cunning diſcorde, idle vanitie,

Deceipt-

Deceiptfull wrong, and cauſeleſſe infamie.
That by th'aſſiſtance of our grauer Swaines,
We now at firſt may labour to preuent
The further courſe of miſchieſes, and reſtore
Our late cleane woods, to what they were before.
Mel. Content *Ergaſtus*, and euen here will be
A place conuenient for ſo fit a worke:
For here our Nimphes, and heardſmen on this Greene,
Do vſually reſort, and in this Groue
We may obſerue them beſt, and be vnſeene.

Actus. 1. Scen. 2.

Colax. Techne.

Col. Come my deare *Techne*, thou and I muſt plotte
More cunning proiects yet, more ſtrange deſignes
Amongſt theſe ſimple groſſe *Arcadians* here,
That know no other world, but their owne plaines,
Nor yet can apprehend the ſubtile traines
We lay, to mock their rurall ignorance.
But ſee, here comes two of their amorous Swaines
In hote contention, let vs cloſe conuay
Our ſelues, here vnderneath this couerture,
And ouer-heare their paſſionate diſcourſe.
Tec. Colax, this place well ſuch a purpoſe fits,
Let vs ſit cloſe, and faith, it ſhall goe hard,
Vnleſſe we make ſome profit by their wits.

Carinus. Amyntas.

Ca. Now fond *Amyntas*, how cam'ſt thou poſſeſt
With ſuch a vaine preſumption, as thou art;
To thinke that *Cloris* ſhould affect thee beſt,
When all *Arcadia* knowes I haue her heart?

Am. And how *Carinus* canſt thou be ſo mad,
T'imagine *Cloris*, can, or doth loue thee,
When by ſo many ſignes, as I haue had,
I finde her whole affection bent to me?

Ca. What are thoſe ſignes by which you come to caſt,
And calculate the fortune of your hopes?

Am. More certaine ſignes, then thou canſt euer ſhew.

Car. But they are more then ſignes, that I can ſhew.

Am. Why let each then produce the beſt he can,
To proue which may be thought the likelieſt man.

Car. Content *Amintas*, and do thou begin.

Am. And I am well contented to begin.
Firſt if by chance, whilſt ſhe at Barely-breake
With other Nimphes, do but perceiue me come,
Streight lookes her cheeke with ſuch a Roſie red,
As giues the ſetting Sunne vnto the Weſt
When morrow tempeſts are prefigured.

Car. Euen ſo that hew prognoſticates her wrath,
Which brings to thee, the ſtormie winds of ſighes.

Am. And if I finde her, with her fellow Nimphes
Gathering of flowers by ſome ſweete Riuers ſide,
At my approach ſhe ſtraight way ſtands vpright,
Forgets her worke, and downe lets ſlide her lap,
And out fall all her flowers, vpon the ground.

Car. So doth the fillie ſheepe forget to feed,
When it perceiues the greedy Wolfe at hand.

Am. And if ſhe meete but with my dog, ſhe takes
And ſtrokes him on the head, playes with his eares,
Spits in his mouth, and claps him on the back,
And ſayes, come, come *Melampus* go with me.

Car. She may loue what is thine, but yet hate thee.

Am. Whilſt at a Chryſtall ſpring the other day,
Shee waſht her louely face, and ſeeing me come,
She takes vp water with her daintie hand,
And with a downe-caſt looke beſprinckles me.

Car. That ſhews that ſhe would gladly quench in thee

The fire of loue, or elſe like loue doth beare,
As did the *Delian* Goddeſſe, when ſhe caſt
Diſdainefull water on *Actæons* face.
Am. As *Siluia*, one day, ſate with her alone,
Binding of certaine choice ſelected hearbes
To her leaſt arme, againſt bewitching ſpels,
(And I at th'inſtant comming) ſhe perceiu'd
Her pulſe with farre more violence to beat
(As ſh' after told me) then it did before.
Car. The like is felt when natures enemy,
The hatefull feauer, doth ſurpriſe our powers.
Am. And euen but yeſter night, ſhe going before
With other maides, and ſeeing me following her,
Lets fall this daintie Noſegay, hauing fitſt
Beſtowd a kiſſe thereon, to th'end I might
Receiue it ſo, and with it do the like. (know,
Car. Poore withred fauours, they might teach thee
That ſhe eſteemes thee, and thy loue as light
As thoſe dead flowers, ſhe wore but for a ſhow,
The day before, and caſt away at night.
Am. Now friend *Carinus*, thou that muttereſt ſo
At theſe plaine ſpeaking figures of her loue,
Tell by what ſignes thou doeſt her fauours proue?
Car. Now ſilly man, doeſt thou imagine me
So fond to blab the fauours of my loue?
Am. Was't not a pact agreed twixt thee and me?
Car. A pact to make thee tell thy ſecrecie.
Am. And haſt thou then betrayd my eaſie truſt,
And dallyed with my open ſimpleneſſe?
Car. And fitly art thou ſeru'd, that ſo wilt vaunt
The imagin'd fauours, of a gentle Nimphe;
And this is that which makes vs feele that dearth
Of grace, t'haue kindneſſe at ſo hie a rate.
This makes them wary how they do beſtow
The leaſt regarde of common courteſie,
When ſuch as you, poore, credulous, deuout,

And humble soules, make all things miracles
Your faith conceiues, and vainely do conuert
All shadowes to the figure of your hopes.
Am. Carinus now thou doest me double wrong,
First to deride my easie confidence,
And then t'obrayd my trust, as if my tongue
Had here prophan'd faire *Cloris* excellence,
In telling of her mercies, or had sin'd
In vttring th'honour of a modest grace
Bestowing comfort, in so iust a case.
Car. Why man, thou hast no way deseru'd her loue.
Am. Desert I cannot vrge, but faith I can,
If that may haue reward, then happy man.
Car. But you know how I sau'd her from the hands
Of that rude Satyre, who had else vndone
Her honour vtterly; and therefore ought
My loue of due raigne Soueraigne in her thought.
Am. But how that free and vnsubdued heart,
Infranchis'd by the Charter of her eyes,
Will beare the imposition of a due
I do not see, since loue knew neuer Lord
That could command the region of our will.
And therefore vrge thy due, I for my part,
Must plead compassion, and a faithfull heart.
Car. Plead thou thy faith, whilst I will get thy loue,
For you kinde soules do seldome grace vll proue.
Am. The more vnkinde they, who should better way
Our honest vowes, and loue, for loue repay,
But oft they beare the penance of their will,
And for the wrong they do, they speed as ill.

Scen. 3.

Colax. Techne.

Col. Alas poore fooles, how hotely they contend
Who shall possesse a prey that's yet vngot.

But *Techne*, I must by thy help foreſtall
The mart of both their hopes, and whilſt they ſhall
Purſue the Aire, I muſt ſurpriſe their gaine.
And fitly now, thou maiſt occaſion take
By theſe aduantages diſcouered here,
T'impreſſe in *Cloris* tender heart that touch
Of deepe diſlike of both their vanteries,
As may conuert her wholy vnto me.
Tec. Why will you then *Dorindas* loue forſake,
For whom you trauayld ſo, and made me take
Such labour to intice her to your loue?
Col. Tuſh *Techne* we deſire not what we haue,
But what we would, our longings neuer ſtay
With our attainings, but they goe beyond.
Tec. And why? *Dorinda* is as fayre as ſhee.
Col. That I confeſſe, but yet that payes not mee,
For *Cloris* is another, and tis that,
And onely that, which *Techne* I deſire.
Some thing there is peculiar, and alone
To euery beawtie that doth giue an edge
To our deſires, and more we ſtill conceiue
In that we haue not, then in that we haue.
And I haue heard, abrode where beſt experience,
And witt is learnd, that all the faireſt choyce
Of women in the world, ſerue but to make
One perfect beautie, whereof each bringes part.
One hath a pleaſing ſmile, and nothing els:
Another but ſome ſillie Mole to grace
Th' area of a diſproportion'd face;
Another pleaſes not but when ſhee ſpeakes,
And ſome in ſilence onely graceful are:
Some till they laugh, we ſee, ſeeme to be fayre,
Some haue their bodies good, their geſtures ill,
Some pleaſe in Motion, ſome in ſitting ſtill,
Some are thought louely, that haue nothing faire,
Some againe fayre that nothing louely are.

So

So that we see how beauty doth consist
Of diuers peeces, and yet all attract
And therefore vnto al my loue aspires,
As beauty varies, so doth my desires.
Tec. Ah but yet *Colax* doe not so much wrong
Vnto a Nimph, now when thou hast subdude
And wonne her heart, & knowst she holds thee deare.
Col. Tush wrong is as men thinke it, and I see
It keepes the world the best in exercise
That els would languish, and haue nought to do.
Discord in parts, makes harmon' in the whole:
And some must laugh, whilst othersome condole.
And so it be not of the side we are,
Let others beare it, what need we to care.
And now *Dorinda* somthing hath to doe,
Now she may sit, and thinke, and vexe, and plott,
For ease, and ioying of her full delight
Would but haue dulld her spirits, and marrd her quite.
Tec. Alas yet I must pittie her poore soule
In this distresse, I being one my selfe
Of that frayle corporation, and do know
That she will take it verie greuously.
And yet in troth sh'is serud but well inow,
That would neglect *Mirtillus* honest loue,
And trust strange protestations, and new othes,
Be wonne with garded words, and gawdie clothes.
Col. Well, well, *Dorinda* shall not waile alone,
She shal haue others to consort her mone:
For since my late returne from *Telos* Court
I hauemade twenty of their coyest Nimphes
Turne louers, with a few protesting words
And some choyce complementall periuries;
I made *Palæmon*, to suspect the faith
Of his chast *Siluia*, and chast *Siluia* his,
In hope thereby to worke her loue to me.
I wrought coy *Daphne* to infringe her vow

Made to *Menalcas*, and I told her how
Those fetters which so heauily were layde
Vpon our free affections, onely were
But customary bandes, not naturall.
And I thinke *Techne* thou hast done thy parte,
Here, in this gentle region of kind heartes,
Since thou cam'st hither, for I see thou thriu'st.

Tec In deede whilst I in Corinth did remaine,
I hardly could procure the meanes to liue,
There were so many of my trade; that sold
Complexions, dressings, tiffanies and tyres,
Deuisors of new fashions and strange wiers
Bedbrokers, night wormes, and Compositors
That though I knew these arts as well as they
yet being so many we could get smale pay.
Here, who but *Techne* now is all in all?
Techne is sent for, *Techne* onely shewes
New strange deuises to the choycest Nimphes:
And I thinke *Techne* teaches them those trickes,
As they wil not forget againe in haste.
I haue so opened their vnapt conceipts
Vnto that vnderstanding of themselues,
As they will shew in time they were wel taught,
If they obserue my rules, and hide a fault.

Col. Ah well done *Techne*. Thus must thou and I
Trade for our profit with their ignorance,
And take our time, and they must haue their chaunce.
But pray thee *Techne*, do not thou forget
To lay a traine for *Cloris*. So adieu.

Tec. Colax I will not, and the rather too,
For that I beare a little leaning loue
To Sweete *Amintas*, for mee thinkes he seemes
The loueliest Shepheard all Arcadia yeeldes
And I would gladly intercept his loue,

Scena. 4.

Melibæus. Ergastus.

Meli. So this is well. Here's one discouery made;
Here are the heads of that distemperature,
Frō whence these strange deban'shmēts of our nimphs
And vile deluding of our Shepheadrs Springs:
Here is a monster, that hath made his lustes
As wide as is his will, and leaft his will
Without all bounds, and cares not whom he wrongs,
So that he may his owne desires fulfill,
And being all foule himselfe, would make all ill.
This is that *Colax* that from forraine lands,
Hath brought home that infection which vndoes
His countrie goodnesse, and impoysons all.
His being abroad would marre vs quite, at home.
Tis strange to see, that by his going out,
He hath out-gone that natiue honestie,
Which here the breeding of his countrey gaue.
For here I do remember him a childe,
The sonne of *Nicoginus* of the Hill,
A man though low in fortune, yet in minde
High set, a man still practising
T'aduance his forward sonne beyond the traine
Of our *Arcadian* breed, and still me thought
I saw a disposition in the youth,
Bent to a selfe conceipted surlinesse,
With an insinuating impudence.

Erg. A man the fitter made for Courts abroade,
Where I would God he had remained still,
With those loose-liuing wanton Sybarites,
Where luxurie, hath made her outmost proofe.
From whence I heare he comes, and hither brings
Their shames, to brand vs with the like reproach.
And for this other viper, which you saw,

Ido

I do remember how she came of late
For succour to these parts, and sought to teach
Our younger maides to dresse, and trie out Flaxe,
And vse the Distaffe, and to make a hem,
And such like skill, being skill inough for them,
But since I see she hath presum'd to deale
In points of other science, different farre
From that plaine Arte of honest huswiferie,
And as it seemes hath often made repaire
Vnto the neighbour Cities round about,
From whom she hath these strange disguises got
T'abuse our Nimphes, and as it seemes desires,
To suite their mindes, as light as their attires,
But we shall soone preuent this growing plague,
Of pride, and folly, now that she discry
The true symptoma of this maladie,
And by this ouerture thus made, we trust
We shortly shall discouer all the rest.

Actus 2. Scen. 1.

Siluia. Cloris.

Sil. O *Cloris*, here haue thou and I full oft
Sate and bene mery, in this shadie Groue.
Here haue we sung full many a Rundelay,
Told Riddles, and made Nosegayes, laught at loue,
And others passions, whilst my selfe was free,
From that Intollerable miserie,
Whereto affection now inuasselles me.
Now *Cloris* I shall neuer more take ioy
To see, or to be seene, with mortall eye,
Now sorrow must be all my companie.

Clo. Why *Siluia*, whence, should all this griefe arise?

Sil. I am vndone *Cloris*, let that suffice.

Clo. Tell me, sweete *Silvia*, how comes that to passe?
Sil. O *Cloris* if thou be, as once, I was
Free, from that miserable plague of loue,
Keepe thee so still, let my affliction warne
Thy youth, that neuer man haue power, to moue
Thy heart to liking, for beleeue me this,
They are the most vnfaithfull impious race
Of creatures on the earth; neuer beleeue
Their protestations, nor their vowes, nor teares,
All is deceipt, none meanes the thing he sweares.
Trust a mans faith? nay rather will I goe
And giue my selfe a prey to Sauage beasts,
For all they seeke, and all they labour for,
Is but t'vndoe vs, and when that is done,
They goe and triumph on the spoile the'haue wonne.
Trust men, or take compassion when they grieue,
O *Cloris* tis to chearish and relieue
The frozen Snake, which with our heat once warmd,
Will sting vs to the heart in recompence,
And ô no maruaile tho the Satyre shund,
To liue with man, when he perceiu'd he could,
With one and the same breath blow heat and cold.
Who would haue euer thought *Palemons* othes
Would haue prou'd false? who would haue iudgd the face
That promisd so much faith, and honestie,
Had bene the visor but of treacherie?
Clo. Is't possible *Palemon* should b'vntrue?
Sil. 'Tis possible, *Palemon* is vntrue.
Clo. If it be so, deare *Silvia*, I thinke then
That thou saist truth, there is no trust in men,
For I protest I neuer saw a face
That promisd better of a heart then his,
And if he faile, whose faith then constant is?
Sil. O *Cloris* if thou didst but know how long,
And with what earnest suite, he sought my loue,
What vows he vsd, what othes, what teares among.

What

What shewes he made, his constancie to prooue,
You would admire: and then againe to see
How I although I lou'd him with my heart
Stood out, and would by no meanes vrged be,
To shew the least affection of my part.
For I had heard that, which (ô now too well)
I finde, that men were cunning, and would not
Regard the thing that easily was got.
Clo. Siluia, indeed and I haue heard so too.
Sil. And therefore I would trie him, and not seeme
His vowes, nor protestations to esteeme,
At length one day, here in this selfe-same place,
(Which I shall euer, and good cause I haue
To thinke on whilst I liue) walking with me,
After he had vrgd me most earnestly:
O *Siluia*, said he, since nor othe, nor vow,
Nor teares, nor prayers, haue the power to moue,
Nor all that I can doe, can make thee know
How true a heart, I offer to thy loue;
I must trie some way else to shew the same,
And make thy vndiscerning wilfull youth
Know, though too late, (perhaps vnto thy shame)
Thy wayward error, and my constant truth:
When thou maist sigh, and say in griefe of minde,
Palæmon lou'd, and *Siluia* was vnkinde.
With that wringing my hand, he turnes away,
And though his teares would hardly let him looke,
Yet such a looke, did through his teares make way,
As shew'd how sad a farewell there he tooke.
And vp towards yonder craggie Rock he goes,
His armes incross'd, his head downe on one side,
With such a mournfull pace, as shewd his woes
Way'd heauier then his passions could abide:
Faine would I haue recald him back, but shame,
And modestie could not bring forth his name:
And faine would I haue followed, yet me thought

It did not fit the honour of a maide
To follow one, yet ſtill I ſent from me,
T'attend his going, feare, and a carefull eye.
At length when he was gotten to the top,
I might perceiue how with vnfolded armes,
And lookes bent vp to heauen, he ſtands, and turnes
His wofull face vnto the other ſide,
Whereas that hidious fearefull downfall is:
And ſeem'd as if he would haue throwne him off:
And as I thought, was now vpon the point:
When my affrighted powers could hold no more,
But pittie breaking all thoſe bands of ſhame,
That held me back; I ſhrikd, and ran, God knowes,
With all the ſpeed my feeble feete could make,
And clammering vp at length (with much adoo)
Breathleſſe I got, and tooke him by the hand,
And glad I had his hand, and was not come
Too late to haue it, and I puld him back:
But could not ſpeake one word, no more did he,
Senſe ſeem'd to faile in him, and breath in me.
And on before I went, and lead him on,
And downe conducted him into this plaine.
And yonder loe, vnder that fatall tree,
Looke *Cloris* there, euen in that very place,
We ſate vs downe, my arme about his neck,
Which *Ione* thou know'ſt held neuer man before:
There onely did my teares conferre with his,
Words we had none, it was inough to thinke,
For paſſion was too buſie now within,
And had no time to come abroad in ſpeach.
And though I would haue ſpoken, yet me thought
I ſhould not, but my ſilence told him this,
That tolde too much, that all I was was his.
Clo. Well *Silvia*, I haue heard ſo ſad a tale,
As that I grieue to be a woman borne,
And that by nature we muſt be expoſd

Vnto the mercie of vnconſtant men.
But what ſaide then *Palæmon* in the ende?
Sil. Oh what he ſaid, and what deepe vowes he made,
When ioy and griefe, had let his ſenſes looſe.
Witnes ô gentle tree vnder whoſe ſhade,
We ſate the while; witnes if euer mayde
Had more aſſurances by othes of man.
And well may you beare witnes of this deede,
For in a thouſand of your barkes he hath
Incaru'd my name, and vnderwrote his vowes,
Which will remaine ſo long as you beare bowes.
But, *Cloris*, learne this leſſon now of mee;
Take head of pittie, pittie was the cauſe
Of my confuſion, pittie hath vndone
Thouſands of gentle natures, in our ſexe,
For pittie is ſworne ſeruant vnto loue,
And this be ſure, where euer it begin
To make the way, it lets your maiſter in.
Clo. But what aſſurance haue you of his fraud?
It may be you ſuſpect him without cauſe?
Sil. Ah *Cloris*, *Cloris*, would I had no cauſe,
He who beheld him wrong mee in theſe woods,
And heard him courting *Niſa*, and proteſt
As deepe to her, as he had done to me,
Told me of all his wicked treachery.
Clo. Pray who was that? tell mee good *Siluia*, tell.
Sil. Why it was *Colax*, one I know full well
would not report vntruthes to gaine the world,
A man of vertue, and of worthy partes,
He told me all, and more then I will ſhew,
I would I knew not halfe of that I know.
Ah had he none but *Niſa* that baſe trull,
The ſcorne and ieſt of all Arcadia now
To ſerue his luſts, and falſifie his vow?
Ah had it yet bene any els, the touch
Of my diſgrace, had neuer bin ſo much

But to be leaft for ſuch a one as ſhe,
The ſtale of all, what will folke thinke of me?
Cloris in troth, it makes me ſo much loath
My ſelfe, loath theſe woods, and euen hate the day,
As I muſt hide my griefes out of the way:
I will be gone, *Cloris*, I leaue thee here,
I cannot ſtay, and prethee, *Cloris*, yet
Pitty thy poore companion *Siluias* care,
And let her fortune make thee to beware.
Clo. Siluia adieu, the Gods relieue thy woes,
Since men thus faile, and loue no pittie ſhowes,

Scen. 2.

Cloris. Techne.

Clo. Loue? nay, I'me taught for louing whilſt I liue,
Siluia, thy councell hath lockt vp my heart
So faſt from loue, as let them ſigh, and grieue,
And pine, and waile who will, I for my part
Will pittie none of all this race of men.
I ſee what ſhowes ſo euer they pretend,
Their loue is neuer deadly, none of theſe
That languiſh thus, haue dide of this diſeaſe
That euer I could heare, I ſee all do
Recouer ſoone, that happen thereinto.
And if they did not, there were no great hurt,
They may indure, they are of ſtronger powers,
Better their hearts ſhould ake, then they breake ours.
Well had I not bene thus forewarnd to day,
Out of all queſtion, I had ſhortly falne,
Into the melting humour of compaſſion too;
That tender pittie that betrayes vs thus.
For ſomething I began to feele, me thought,
To mooue within me, when as I beheld
Amyntas walke ſo ſadly, and ſo pale,
And euer where I went, ſtill in my way,

His lookes bent all to me, his care of mee,
Which well I saw, but would not seeme to see.
But now he hath his arrent, let him go,
Pittie shall neuer cure that heart of his
T'vndoo mine owne, the griefe is best where tis.
Tec. What *Cloris* al alone, now fie for shame,
How ill doth this become so faire a face,
And that fresh youth to be with out your loue?
Clo. Loue *Techne*? I haue here as many loues
As I intende to haue, whilst I haue breath.
Tec. Nay that you haue not, neuer hault with mee,
For I know two at least possessors be
Of your kind fauors, as themselues doe boste.
Clo. Boste of my fauors, no man rightly can,
And otherwise, let them say what they can.
Tec. No *Cloris* did not you the other night
A gallant nosegay to *Amintas* giue?
Clo. I neuer gaue him nosegay in my life.
Tec, Then trust me *Cloris* he doth wrong you much:
For he produc'd it there in open sight,
And vaunted to *Carinus*, that you first,
Did kisse the same, then gaue it vnto him:
And tolde too, how farre gone you were in loue,
What passion you would vse, when he was by,
How you would iest with him, and wantonly
Cast water in his face; cal his dogge yours,
And shew him your affections by your eye.
And then *Carinus* on the other side
He vaunts, that since he had redeemed you
Out of the satyres handes, he could commaund
Your loue and all, that you were onely his.
This and much more, I heard them I protest
Giue out of you how truly you know best.
Clo. Techne, their idle talke, shal not vexe me,
I know the ground I stand on, and how free
My heart, and I, inioye our liberty,

And if *Amyntas*, hath interpreated
My lookes according to his owne conceipt,
He hath mistooke the text, and he shall vnde
Great difference, twixt his comment, and my minde.
And for his Nosegay it shall make me take
More care hereafter how I scatter flowers:
Let him preserue it well, and let him make
Much of his gaines, he gets no more of ours.
But thus had I bene seru'd, had I reueald
The least regarde of common courtesie
To such as these: but I doe thanke the Gods
I haue reseru'd me, from that vanitie:
For euer I suspected this to be
The vaine of men, and this now settles me.
And for *Carinus*, let him vaunt what good
He did for me, he can but haue againe
My hearty thankes, the paiment for his paine,
And that he shall, and ought in woman-hood.
And as for loue, let him go looke on her
That sits, and grieues, and languishes for him,
Poore *Amarillis*, who affects him deare,
And sought his loue with many an wofull teare.
And well deserues a better man then he,
Though he be rich *Lupinus* sonne, and stands
Much on his wealth, and his abilitie,
She'is wittie, faire, and full of modestie.
And were she of my minde, she rather would
Pull out her eyes, then that she would be seene,
To offer vp so deare a sacrifice
To his wilde youth, that scornes her in that wise.
Tec. Cloris in troth, I like thy iudgement well,
In not affecting of these home-bred Swaines,
That know not how to manage true delight,
Can neither hide their loue, nor shew it right.
Who would be troubled with grosse ignorance,
That vnderstands not truely how to loue?

No *Cloris*, if thou didst but know, how well
Thou art esteemd, of one that knowes indeed
How to obserue thy worth, and his owne wayes,
How to giue true delight, how to proceed
With secrecie, and witte, in all assayes,
Perhaps you might thinke one day of the man.
Clo. What is this creature then you praise a man?
Tec. A man? yes *Cloris*, what should he be else?
Clo. Nought else, it is enough he be a man.
Tec. Yea and so rare a man as euer yet
Arcadia bred, that may be proud she bred
A person of so admirable parts,
A man that knowes the world, hath seene abrod,
Brings those perfections that do truly moue,
A gallant spirit, an vnderstanding loue.
O if you did but know how sweete it were,
To come vnto the bed of worthinesse,
Of knowledge, of conceipt, where strange delights
With strange discourses still shall intertaine
Your pleased thoughts, with fresh variety,
Ah you would loath to haue your youth confin'de,
For euer more, betweene th'vnskilfull armes
Of one of these rude vnconceiuing Swaines,
Who would but seeme a trunke without a minde;
As one that neuer saw but these poore plaines,
Knowes but to keepe his sheepe, and set his folde,
Pipe on an Oaten Reede, some Rundelayes,
And daunce a Morrice on the holydayes.
And so should you be alwayes sweetly sped
With ignorance, and two fooles in a bed.
But with this other gallant spirit you should
Be sure to ouerpasse that tediousnesse,
And that saciety which cloyes this life,
With such a variable cheerefulnesse,
As you will blesse the time t'haue bene his wife.
Clo. What hath this man you thus commend, a name?

Tec. A name? why yes, no man but hath a name.
His name is *Colax*, and is one I sweare
Doth honour euen the ground whereon you tread,
And oft, and many many times, God knowes,
Hath he with tender passion, talkt of you:
And said; Well, there is one within these woods
(Meaning by you) that yet of all the Nimphes
Mine eyes haue euer seene vpon the earth,
In all perfections doth exceed them all.
For all the beauties in that glorious Court
Of *Telos*, where I liu'd, nor all the Starres
Of *Grece* beside, could sparkle in my heart,
The fire of any heat but onely she.
Then would he stay, and sigh; and then againe
Ah what great pittie such a creature should
Be tide vnto a clogge of ignorance,
Whose body doth deserue to be imbrac'd,
By the most mighty Monarch vpon earth.
Ah that she knew her worth, and how vnfit
That priuate woods should hide, that face, that wit.
Thus hath he often said, and this I say,
Obserue him when you will, you shall not see
From his hye forehead, to his slender foote,
A man in all parts, better made then he.
Clo. Techne, me thinkes, the praises that you giue
Shewes your owne loue, and if he be that man
You say, 'twere good you kept him for your selfe.
Tec. I must not loue impossibilities,
Cloris, he were a most fit man for you.
Clo. For me? alas *Techne* you moue too late.
Tec. Why haue you past your promise t'any yet?
Clo. Yes sure, my promise is already past.
Tec. And if it be, I trust you are so wise
T'vnpasse the same againe for your owne good.
Clo. No that I may not when it is once past.
Tec. No *Cloris*, I presume that wit of yours

That

That is so pierſiue, can conceiue how that
Our promiſe muſt not preiudice our good:
And that it is no reaſon that the tongue,
Tye the whole body to eternall wrong.
Clo. The tongue is but the Agent of the heart,
And onely as commiſſioner allowd
By reaſon, and the will, for the whole ſtate,
Which warrants all it ſhall negotiate.
Tec. But prethee tell me to what ruſtick Swaine
You paſſ'd your word to caſt away your ſelfe?
Clo. No I haue paſt my word to ſaue my ſelfe
From the deceiptfull, impious periuries
Of treacherous men, and vowd vnto my heart,
Vntill I ſee more faith then yet I ſee,
None of them all ſhall triumph ouer me.
Tec. Nay then, and be no otherwiſe tis well,
We ſhall haue other time to talke of this.
But *Cloris* I haue fitted you in faith,
I haue here brought, the moſt conceipted tyre,
The rareſt dreſſing euer Nimph put on.
Worth ten of that you weare, that now me thinkes
Doth not become you, and beſides tis ſtale.
Clo. Stale why? I haue not worne it ſcarce a moneth.
Tec. A moneth? why you muſt change thē twiſe a day.
Hold hither *Cloris*, this was not well laid,
Here is a fault, you haue not mixt it well
To make it take, or els it is your haſte
To come abroad ſo ſoone into the Ayre.
But I muſt teach you to amend theſe faults,
And ere I ſhall haue done with you, I thinke,
I ſhall make ſome of theſe inamored youthes
To hang themſelues, or elſe runne madde for loue.
But goe let's trie this dreſſing I haue brought.

Scen. 3.

Palæmon. Mirtillus.

Pal. Mirtillus did *Dorinda* euer vow,
Or make thee any promiſe to be thine?
Mir. Palæmon no, ſhe neuer made me vow,
But I did euer hope ſhe would be mine.
For that I had deliuered vp my youth,
My heart, my all, a tribute to her eyes,
And had ſecur'd her of my conſtant truth,
Vnder ſo many faithfull ſpecialties,
As that although ſhe did not graunt againe,
With any ſhew the acquittance of my loue,
Yet did ſhe euer ſeeme to intertaine
My affections, and my ſeruices t'approoue.
Till now of late I know not by what meane,
(Ill fare that meane) ſhe grew to that diſpight,
As ſhe not onely clowds her fauours cleane,
But alſo ſcorn'd to haue me in her ſight
That now I am not for her loue thus, mou'd
But onely that ſhe will not be belou'd.
Pal. If this be all th'occaſion of thy griefe,
Mirtillus, thou arte then in better caſe
Then I ſuppoſ'd, and therefore cheere thy heart,
And good cauſe too, being in the ſtate thou art.
For if thou didſt but heare the hiſtorie
Of my diſtreſſe, and what part I haue ſhar'd
Of ſad affliction, thou wilt then ſoone ſee
There is no miſerie vnleſſe compar'd.
For all Arcadia, all theſe hills, and plaines,
Theſe holts and woods and euery Chriſtall ſpring.
Can teſtifie my teares, and tell my flames,
And with how cleene a heart, how cleere a faith
Palæmon loued *Siluia*, and how long.

And when consum'd with griefe, and dri'd with care.
Euen at the povnt to sacrifice my life
Vnto her cruelty, then lo she yeelds,
And was content for euer to be mine:
And gaue m'assurance vnderneath her hand,
Sign'd with a faithfull vow, as I conceiu'd,
And witnessed with many a louely kisse,
That I thought sure I had attaine'd my blisse.
And yet (aye me) I gote not what I got,
Siluia I haue, and yet I haue her not.
Mir. How may that be, *Palæmon* pray thee tell?
Pal. O know *Mirtillus* that I rather could
Runne to some hollow caue, and burst and die
In darknes, and in horrour, then vnfold
Her shamefull staine, and mine owne infamie.
But yet it will abrode, her impudence,
will be the trumpet of her owne disgrace,
And fill the wide and open mouth of fame
So full, as all the world shall know the same.
Mir. Why what is *Siluia* false, or is she gone?
Pal. *Siluia* is false and I am quite vndone.
Mil. Ah out alasse who euer would haue thought,
That modest looke, so innocent a face,
So chast a blush, that shamefast countenance,
Could euer haue told how to wantonise?
Ah what shal we poore louers hope for now
Who must to win, consume, and hauing wonne
With hard and much adoe, must be vndone?
Pal. Ah but *Mirtillus* if thou didst know who
Is now the man, her choyse hath lighted on,
How wouldst thou wonder? for that passes all,
That I abhorre to tell: yet tell I shall;
For all that would will shortly know't too well:
It is base *Thyrsis* that wild hare-braine youth
Whom euery milkmaid in *Arcadia* skornes:
Thyrsis is now the man with whom she walkes

Alone

Alone, in thickets, and in groues remote.
Thyrſis is all in all, and none but he,
With him ſhe dallies vnder euery tree.
Truſt women? ah *Mirtillus*, rather truſt
The Summer windes, th'Oceans conſtancie,
For all their ſubſtance is but leuitie:
Light are their wauing vailes, light their attires,
Light are their heads, and lighter their deſires:
Let them lay on what couerture they will
Vpon themſelues, of modeſtie and ſhame,
They cannot hide the woman with the ſame.
Truſt women? ah *Mirtillus* rather truſt
The falſe deuouring Crocodiles of *Nile*,
For all they worke is but deceipt and guile:
What haue they but is faind? their haire is faind,
Their beauty fain'd, their ſtature fain'd, their pace,
Their ieſture, motion, and their grace is fain'd:
And if that all be fain'd without, what then
Shall we ſuppoſe can be ſincere within?
For if they do but weepe, or ſing, or ſmile,
Smiles, teares, and tunes, are ingins to beguile.
And all they are, and all they haue of grace,
Conſiſts but in the out-ſide of a face.
O loue and beautie, how are you ordaind
Like vnto fire, whoſe flames farre of delight,
But if you be imbrac'd conſume vs quight?
Why cannot we make at a lower rate
A purchaſe of you, but that we muſt giue
The treaſure of our hearts, and yet not haue
What we haue bought ſo dearely for all that?
O *Siluia* if thou needs wouldſt haue bene gone,
Thou ſhouldſt haue taken all away of thee;
And nothing leaſt to haue remain'd with me.
Thou ſhouldſt haue carryed hence the portraiture
Which thou haſt left behinde within my heart,
Set in the table-frame of memory,

That

That puts me ſtill in minde of what thou wert,
Whilſt thou wert honeſt, and thy thoughts were pure,
So that I might not thus in euery place,
Where I ſhall ſet my carefull foote, conferre
With it of thee, and euermore be told,
That here ſate *Siluia* vnderneath this tree,
And here ſhe walkt, and len't vpon mine arme,
There gathred flowers, and brought them vnto me.
Here by the murmour of this ruſling ſpring,
She ſweetly lay, and in my boſome ſlept:
Here firſt ſhe ſhew'd me comforts when I pin'de:
As if in euery place her foote had ſtept,
It had leaſt *Siluia* in a print behind.
But yet, ô theſe were *Siluias* images,
Then whilſt her heart held faire, and ſhe was chaſte,
Now is her face all ſullied with her fact,
And why are not thoſe former prints defac'd?
Why ſhould ſhe hold, ſtill in the forme ſhe was,
Being now deform'd, and not the ſame ſhe was?
O that I could *Mirtillus* lock her out
Of my remembrance, that I might no more
Haue *Siluia* here, when ſhe will not be here.

Mir. But good *Palæmon*, tell what proofes haſt thou
Of her diſloyalty, that makes thee ſhow
Theſe heauie paſſions, and to grieue ſo much?

Pal. *Mirtillus*, proofes, that are alas too plaine;
For *Colax* one thou know'ſt can well obſerue
And iudge of loue, a man both ſtaid, and wiſe,
A gentle heardſman, out of loue, and care.
He had of me, came and reported all:
And how he ſaw them diuers times alone,
Imbracing each the other in the woods,
Beſides ſhe hath of late with ſullaine lookes,
That ſhew'd diſliking, ſhund my company,
Kept her aloofe, and now I thinke to day,
Is gone to hide her quite our of the way.

But *Siluia* though thou goe and hide thy face,
Thou canst not hide thy shame, and thy disgrace,
No secret thicket, groue, nor yet close grott,
Can couer shame, and that immodest blot.
Ah didst thou lend thy hand in kinde remorse,
To saue me from one death, to giue m'a worse?
Had it not yet bene better I had dy'de,
By thy vnspotted honest cruelty,
Then now by thy disgraced infamie?
That so I might haue carried to my graue,
The image of chaste *Siluia* in my heart,
And not haue had these notions, to ingraue
A stained *Siluia* there, as now thou art?
Ah yes, it had bene better farre, I proue,
T'haue perisht for thy loue, then with thy loue.

Mir. Ah good *Palæmon* cease these sad complaints,
And moderate thy passions, thou shalt see
She may returne, and these reports be found
But idle fictions, on vncertaine ground.

Pal. Mirtillus I perceiue my tedious tale,
Begins to be distastefull to thine eare,
And therefore will I to some desart vale,
To some close Groue to waile, where none shall heare
But beasts, and trees, whose sense I shall not tyre,
With length of mone, for length is my desire.
And therefore, gentle Shepheard, now adieu,
And trust not women, for they are vntrue.

Mir. Adue *Palæmon*, and thy sad distresse,
Shall make me wey *Dorindas* losse the lesse:
For if I should be hers, and she proue so,
Better to be mine owne, and let her go.

Scena. 4.

Ergastus. Melibæus.

Erg. Now *Melibæus*; who would haue supposd,

That

That had not ſeene theſe impious paſſages,
That euer monſtrous wretch could haue expoſd,
Two honeſt hearts to theſe extremities,
T'attaine his wicked ends? by hauing wrought
Firſt in, vnto their eaſie confidence
Away, by an opinion to be thought,
Honeſt, diſcreet, of great experience.
Whereby we ſee open-fac't villany
Without a maske, no miſchiefe could haue done,
It was the couerture of honeſtie,
That laid the ſnare, whereby they were vndone.
And that's the ingine that confounds vs all,
That makes the breach whereby the world is ſackt,
And made a prey to cunning, when we fall
Into the hands of wiſe diſhoneſtie:
When as our weake credulitie is tackt
By that opinion of ſufficiencie,
To all the inconueniences that guile,
And impious craft can practiſe to beguile.
And note but how theſe cankers alwayes ſeaze
The choyſeſt fruites with their infections,
How they are ſtill ordained to diſeaſe,
The natures of the beſt complections.
Mel. Tis true. And what an inſtrument hath he there got,
To be the Agent of his villany?
How truely ſhe negotiats, and doth plot,
To vndermine fraile imbecillitie.
How ſtrong, theſe ſpirits, combine them in a knot,
To circumuent plaine open honeſty?
And what a creature there is to conuerſe
With feeble maides, whoſe weakneſſe ſoone is led
With toyes, and new diſguiſes, to reuerſe
The courſe wherein by cuſtome they were bred?
And then what fitneſſe too, her trade affordes,
To trafficke with the ſecrets of their heart,
And cheapen their affections with faire words.

Which women straight to women will impart?
And then to see how soone example will
Disperse it selfe, being met with our desire?
How soone, it will inkindle others ill,
Like *Napthа*, that takes fire by sight of fire?
So that vnlesse we runne with all the speed
We can, to quench this new arising flame
Of vanitie, and lust, it will proceed
T'vndoe vs, ere we shall perceiue the same:
How farre already is the mischiefe runne,
Before we scarse perceiu'd it was begun?

Actus 3. *Scen.* 1.

Alcon. Lincus.

Al. What my friend *Lincus*? now in troth well met,
Lin. Well met good *Alcon*, this falles happilie,
That we two thus incounter all alone,
Who had not any conference scarse this moneth.
Al. In troth I longd to heare how you proceed,
In your new practise, here among these swaines,
For you and I must grace each others Arte;
Though you knew me, when I in *Patras* dwelt,
And waited on a poore Phisitions man,
And I knew you a Pronotories boy,
That wrote Indentures at the Towne-house dore.
Yet are you here, now a great man of law,
And I a graue Phisition full of skill,
And here we two are held the onely men.
But how thriue you in your new practise now?
Lin. Alcon in troth not any thing to speake,
For these poore people of *Arcadia* here,
Are so contented each man with his owne,
As they desire no more, nor will be drawne
To any contestation, nor indeed

Is there yet any frame compoſd, whereby
Contention may proceede in practicke forme?
For If they had this forme once to contend,
Then would they brawle and wrangle without end.
For then might they be taught, and, concell'd how
To litigate perpetually you know;
And ſo might I be ſure to doe ſome good.
But hauing here no matter where vpon
To furniſh reall actions, as els where;
No tenures, but a cuſtomarie hold
Of what they haue from their progenitors
Common, with out indiuiduitie;
No purchaſings, no contracts, no comerſe,
No politicque commands, no ſeruices,
No generall Aſſemblies but to feaſt
And to delight themſelues with freſh paſtimes;
How can I hope that euer I ſhall thriue?
Alc. Iſt poſſible that a ſocietie
Can with ſo little noyſe, and ſweat ſubſiſt?
Lin. It ſeemes it may, before men haue transform'd
Their ſtate of nature in ſo many ſhapes
Of their owne managements, and are caſt out
Into confuſion, by their knowledges.
And either I muſt packe me hence, or els
Muſt labour wholy to diſſolue the frame,
And compoſition, of their ſtrange built ſtate.
Which now I ſeeke to doe, by drawing them
To appr'hend of theſe proprieties
Of *mine and thine* and teach them to incroch
And get them ſtates apart, & priuate ſhares.
And this I haue already ſet a worke
If it will take, for I haue met with two
The apteſt ſpirits the country yelds, I know,
Montanus, and *Acriſius*, who are both
Old, and both cholorick e, and both peruerſe,
And both inclinable to Auarice

And if there quarrell hold, as tis begun
I do not doubt, but all the reſt will on.
And if the worſt ſhould fall, if I could gaine
The reputation but to arbitrate,
And ſway their ſtrifes, I would get well by that.

All. Tis maruayle, that there long and eaſie peace
That foſters plentie, and giues nought to doe,
Should not with them beget contention too,
As well as other where we ſee it doth.

Lin. This peace of theirs, is not like others peace
Where craft layes trapps t'inrich it ſelfe with wiles,
And men make prey of men, and riſe by ſpoyles.
This rather ſeemes a quiet then a peace.
For this poore cornet of Arcadia here,
This little angle of the world you ſee,
Which hath ſhut out of doore, all th'earth beſide
And are barrd vp with mountaines, and with rocks;
Hath had no intertrading with the reſte
Of men, nor yet will haue, but here alone,
Quite out of fortunes way, and vnderneath
Ambition, or deſire, that waies them not,
They liue as if ſtill in the golden age,
When as the world was in his pupillage.
But for myne owne parte, *Alcon* I proteſt
I enuie them that they thus make themſelues,
An euerlaſting holyday of reſt,
Whilſt others worke, and I doe thinke it fit
Being in the world, they ſhould be of the world,
And If that other ſtates ſhould doe this too
As God forbid, what ſhould we Lawyers doe?
But I hope ſhortly yet, we ſhall haue here
As many of vs as are other where:
And we ſhall ſweate, and chafe and talke as loud,
Brawle our ſelues hoarſe, as well as they ſhall doe
At *Patras*, *Sparta*, *Corinth* or at *Thebes*,
And be as arrogant and euen as proud

And then 'twill be a world, and not before.
But how dost thou with thy profession frame?
Alc. No man can wish a better place then this
To practise in my arte, for here they will
Be sicke for companie, they are so kinde.
I haue now twenty patients at this time,
That know not what they aile, no more doe I,
And they haue phisicke all accordingly.
First *Phillis* got running at Barly-breake
A little cold, which I with certaine druggs
I minister'd, was thought to remedie,
Doris saw that, how *Phillis* phisicke wrought
(For *Phillis* had told her, she neuer tooke
So delicate a thing in all her life
That more reuiu'd her heart, and clear'd her bloud,)
Doris would needes be sicke too, and take some.
Melina seeing that, she would the like,
And so she had the very same receipt,
For to say troth I haue no more but that,
And one poore pill I vse for greater cures.
But this is onely sweet and delicate,
Fit for young women, and is like th'hearb Iohn,
Doth neither good nor hurte, but that's all one,
For if they but conceiue it doth, it doth,
And it is that Phisitions hold the chiefe
In all their cures, *conceipt, and strong beleefe*:
Besids I am a straunger come from far
Which doth adde much vnto opinion too.
For who now but th' *Arabian* or the *Iewe*
In forraine lands, are held the onely men,
Although their knowledge be no more then mine.
Lin. T'is true friend *Alcon*, he that hath once gote
Th'Elixir of opinion hath got all,
And h'is th' man that turnes his brasse to gold.
Then can I talke of *Gallen*, *Auerois*,
Hippocrates, *Rasis*, and *Auicen*

And bookes I neuer read, and vſe ſtrange ſpeach
Of Symptoms, Criſis, and the Critique dayes,
Of Trochiſes, Opiats, Apophlegmatiſmes,
Eclegmats, Embrochs, Lixiues, Cataplaſmes,
With all the hideous termes, Arte can deuiſe,
T'amuſe weake, and admiring ignorance.

Lin. And that is right my trick, I ouer-whelme
My practiſe too, with darkneſſe, and ſtrange words,
With Paragraphs, Condictions, Codicilles,
Acceptilations, Actions reſciſſorie,
Noxall, and Hypothecall, and inuolue
Domeſtick matter in a forraine phraſe.

Alc. Then am I as abſtruſe and myſticall
In Caracter, and giuing my receipt
Obſeruing ſtill th'odd number in my pills,
And certaine houres to gather and compound
My ſimples, and make all t'attend the Moone.
Then do I ſhew what rare ingredients
I vſe for ſome great cures, when need requires,
The liuer of a Wolfe, the Lions gall,
The leaft ſide of a Mole, the Foxes heart,
The right foote of a Tortuſe, Dragons bloud,
And ſuch ſtrange ſauage ſtuffe, as euen the names
Are phiſick of themſelues, to moue a man.
And all the drugs I vſe, muſt come from farre,
Beyond the Ocean, and the Sunne at leaſt,
Or elſe it hath no vertue Phiſicall,
Theſe home-bred ſimples do no good at all.

Lin. No, no, it muſt be forraine ſtuffe, God wot,
Or ſomething elſe, that is not to be got.

Al. But now in faith I haue found out a trick,
That will perpetually ſo feed their rheumes,
And intertaine their idle weakneſſes,
As nothing in the world could do the like,
For lately being at *Corinth*, 'twas my chance
T'incounter with a Sea-man, new ariu'd

Of *Alexandria*, who from *India* came,
And brought a certaine hearbe wrapt vp in rowles,
From th'Iſland of *Nicoſia*, where it growes:
Inſuſ'd I thinke in ſome peſtiferous iuyce,
(Produc'd in that contagious burning clime,
Contrarious to our nature, and our ſpirits)
Or elſe ſteep'd in the ſuming ſap, it ſelfe
Doth yeeld, t'inforce th infecting power thereof,
And this in powder made, and fir'd, he ſuckes
Out of a little hollow inſtrument
Of calcinated clay, the ſmoake thereof:
Which either he conuayes out of his noſe,
Or downe into his ſtomack with a whiffe.
And th s he ſaid a wondrous vertue had,
To purge the head, and cure the great Catarre,
And to drie vp all other meaner rheumes,
Which when I ſaw, I ſtreight way thought how well
This new fantaſticall deuiſe would pleaſe
The fooliſh people here growne humerous.
And vp I tooke all this commoditie,
And here haue taught them how to vſe the ſame.

Lin. And it is eaſie to bring in the vſe
Of any thing, though neuer ſo abſurd,
When nations are prepar'd to all abuſe,
And th'humour of corruption once is ſtird.

Alc. Tis true, and now to ſee with what a ſtrange
And gluttenous deſire, th'exhauſt the ſame
How infinite, and how inſatiably,
They doe deuoure th'intoxicating fume,
You would admire, as if their ſpirits thereby
Were taken, and inchanted, or transformd,
By ſome infuſed philter in the drug.
For whereas heretofore they wonted were
At all their meetings, and their feaſtiualls,
To paſſe the time in telling wittie tales,
In queſtions, riddles, and in purpoſes,

Now do they nothing elſe,but ſit and ſuck,
And ſpit, and ſlauer,all the time they ſit.
That I go by,and laugh vnto my ſelfe,
And thinke that this will one day make ſome worke
For me or others,but I feare it will
B'another age will finde the hurt of this.
But ſure the time's to come,when they looke back
On this,will wonder with themſelues to thinke
That men of ſenſe could euer be ſo mad,
To ſuck ſo groſſe a vapour,that conſumes
Their ſpirits, ſpends nature,dries vp memorie,
Corrupts the bloud,and in a vanitie.

Lin. But *Alcon* peace,here comes a patient,peace.

Al. Lintus there doth indeed,therefore away.
Leaue me alone,for I muſt now reſume
My ſurly,graue,and Doctorall aſpect.
This wench I know,tis *Daphne* who hath wrongd
Her loue *Menalcas*,and plaid faſt and looſe
With *Colax*,who reueald the whole to me.

Scena. 2.

Daphne. Alcon.

Daph. Good Doctor *Alcon*,I am come to craue
Your counſaile,to aduiſe me for my health,
For I ſuppoſe,in troth,I am not well,
Me thinkes I ſhould be ſick,yet cannot tell:
Some thing there is amiſſe that troubles me,
For which I would take Phiſicke willingly.

Alc. Welcome,faire nimph,come let me try your pulſe.
I cannot blame you, t'hold your ſelfe not well.
Some thing amiſſe quoth you,here's all amiſſe,
Th'whole Fabrick of your ſelfe diſtempred is,
The Syſtole,and Dyaſtole of your pulſe,
Do ſhew your paſſions moſt hyſtericall,

It seemes you haue not very carefull bene,
T'obserue the prophilactick regiment
Of your owne body, so that we must now
Descend vnto the Theraphenticall;
That so we may preuent the syndrome
Of Symtomes, and may afterwards apply
Some analepticall Elexipharmacum,
That may be proper for your maladie:
It seemes faire Nimph you dreame much in the night.
Da. Doctor, I do indeed. *Al.* I know you doe,
Y'are troubled much with thought.
Dap. I am indeed. *Alc.* I know you are.
You haue great heauinesse about your heart.
Dap. Now truly so I haue. *Alc.* I know you haue.
You wake oft in the night. *Dap.* In troth I do.
Alc. All this I know you doe.
And this vnlesse by phisicke you preuent,
Thinke whereto it may bring you in the end.
And therefore you must first euacuate
All those Colaxicall hote humour which
Disturbe your heart, and then refrigerate
Your bloud by some Menalchian Cordials,
Which you must take, and you shall streight finde ease,
And in the morning I will visit you.
Dap. I pray Sir, let me take of that you gaue,
To *Phillis* th'other day, for that she said,
Did comfort wondrously, and cheere her heart.
Al. Faire Nimph, you must, if you will vse my arte,
Let me alone, to giue what I thinke good,
I knew what fitted *Phillis* maladie,
And so, I thinke, I know what will serue you. *Exit.*

Daphne sola.

O what a wondrous skilfull man is this?
Why he knowes all? O God, who euer thought,
Any man liuing, could haue told so right

A womans griefe in all points as he hath?
Why this is ſtrange that by my very pulſe,
He ſhould know all I ayle, as well as I.
Beſide I feare he ſees too much in me,
More then I would that any man ſhould ſee.
Me thought (although I could not well conceiue
His words, he ſpake ſo learned and ſo ſtrang)
He ſaid I had miſruld my bodie much,
As if he meant that in ſome wanton ſorte,
I had abuſ'd my bodie with ſome man.
O how ſhould he know that? what is my pulſe
Become th'intelligencer of my ſhame?
Or are my lookes the index of my heart?
Sure ſo he ſaid, and me thought too, he nam'd
Menalcas, or elſe ſome thing very like,
And likewiſe nam'd that cunning treacherous wretch
That hath vndone me, *Colax*, that vile deuill,
Who is indeed the cauſe of all my griefe,
For which I now ſeeke phiſicke, but ô what
Can phiſicke doe, to cure that hideous wound
My luſts haue giuen my Conſcience? which I ſee
Is that which onely is deſeaſ'd with in
And not my body now, that's it doth ſo
Diſquiet all the lodging of my ſpirits,
As keeps me waking, that is, it preſents,
Thoſe ougly formes of terror that affright
My broken ſleepes, that layes vpon my heart
This heauy loade that weighes it downe with griefe;
And no diſeaſe beſide, for which there is
No cure I ſee at all, nor no redreſſe.
Didſt thou alledge vile man to my weake youth,
How that thoſe vowes I made vnto my loue
Were bands of cuſtome, and could not lay on
Thoſe manacles on nature, which ſhould keepe
Her freedome priſoner by our dome of breath?
O impious wretch now nature giues the lie

To thy foule heart, and telles my grieued soule,
I haue done wrong, to falsifie that vow
I first to my deare loue *Menalcas* made.
And sayes th'assurance and the faith is giuen
By band on earth, the same is seald in heauen.
And therefore how *Menalcas* can these eyes
That now abhorre to looke vpon my selfe,
Dare euer view that wronged face of thine,
Who hast relide on this false heart of mine?

Scen. 3.

Colax. *Techne.*

Col. Ist possible sweet *Techne*, what you say,
That *Cloris* is so wittie, and so coy?
Tec. 'Tis as I tell you, *Colax*, sh'is as coy
And hath as shrewd a spirit, as quick conceipt
As euer wench I brok'd in all my life.
Col. Then there's some glory in attaining her;
Here now I shall be sure t'haue something yet
Besides dull beautie, I shall lie with wit.
For these faire creatures, haue such feeble spirits,
And are so languishing, as giues no edge
To appetite, and loue, but stuffes delight.
Tec. Well if you get her, then you shall be sure
To haue your wish; and yet perhaps that store,
You finde in her, may check your longing more
Then all their wants whom you haue tride before.
Col. How? if I get her? what do you suppose,
I shall not get her, that were very strange.
Tec. Yes sir, she may be got, but yet I know
Sh'will put you to the tryall of your wit.
Col. Let me alone, could I finde season fit
To talke with her in priuate, she were mine.
Tec. That season may you now haue very well.

For Colax, ſhe hath promiſd faithfully
This euening late to meete me at the caue
Of *Erycina* vnderneath the hill,
Where I muſt fit her with a new attyre
Where with ſh'is far in loue, and th' other day
Thinking to try it at her fathers houſe,
(Whether I went with her to deale for you)
The old *Acriſius* was himſelfe at home,
Which did inforce vs to deferre our worke
Vntil this euening, that we might alone
There out of ſight, more cloſely do the ſame:
Where while ſhe ſtayes (for I will make her ſtay
For me a while) you at your pleaſure may
Haue th'opportunitie which you deſire,
Col. O *Techne* thou haſt bleſt me, if I now
On this aduantage conquere not her minde,
Let me be loathed of all womenkind.
And preſently will I goe ſute my ſelfe
As brauely as I can, go ſet my lookes
Arme my diſcourſe, frame ſpeaches paſſionate
And action both, fit for ſo great a worke.
Techne a thouſand thankes and ſo adieu. *Ex.*
Tec. Well *Colax*, ſhe may yet deceiue thy hopes,
And I perſwade my ſelfe ſhe is as like,
As any ſubtile wench was euer borne,
To giue as wiſe a man as you the ſkorne:
But ſee where one whoſe faith hath better right
Vnto her loue then you, comes here forlorne
Like fortunes out-caſt, full of heauines.
Ah poore *Amintas*, would thou knewſt how much
Thou art eſteemd, although not where thou wouldſt,
Yet where thou ſhouldſt haue loue in that degree,
As neuer liuing man had like to thee.
Ah ſee how I, who ſetts for others loue,
Am tooke my ſelfe, and intricated here
With one, that hath his heart another where?

But I will labour to diuert the ſtreame
Of his affections, and to turne his thoughts
From that coye *Cloris*, to the libertie
Of his owne heart, with hope to make him mine.

Scen. 4.

Techne. Amyntas.

Tech. Now fie *Amyntas*, why ſhould you thus grieue
For a moſt fooliſh wayward girle, that ſcornes
Your honeſt loue, and laughes at all you doe;
For ſhame *Amyntas* let her goe as ſh'is.
You ſee her vaine, and how peruerſly ſet,
'Tis fond to follow what we cannot get.
Am. O *Techne*, *Techne*, though I neuer get,
Yet will I euer follow whilſt I breath,
And if I periſh by the way, yet ſhall
My death be pleaſing that for her I die.
And one day ſhe may hap to come that way,
(And be it, ô her way) where I ſhall lye,
And with her proud diſdainefull foote ſhe may
Tread on my tombe, and ſay, loe where he lyes,
The triumph, and the conqueſt of mine eyes.
And though I looſe my ſelfe, and looſe my teares,
It ſhall be glory yet that I was hers.
What haue I done of late, ſhould make her thus
My preſence with that ſtrange diſdaine to flie,
As if ſhe did abhorre my company?
Cloris God knowes, thou haſt no cauſe therefore,
Vnleſſe it be for louing more, and more.
Why thou wert wont to lend me yet an eare, (heare.
And though thou wouldſt not helpe, yet wouldſt thou
Tec. Perhaps ſhe thinkes thy heat wilbe allayd,
The fire being gone, and therefore doth ſhe well
Not to be ſeene there where ſhe will not aide.

Am. Alas

Am. Alas she knowes no hand but hers can quench
That heat in mee, and therefore doth she wrong
To fyre my heart, and then to runne away,
And if she would not ayde, yet might she ease
My carefull soule, if she would but stand by
And onely looke vpon me while I die.

Tec, Well well *Amintas*, little dost thou know
With whom that cunning wanton sortes her selfe,
Whilst thus thou mourn'st, and with what secret wiles
She workes, to meete her louer in the woodes,
With whom in groues, and caues she dallying sitts,
And mocks thy passions, and thy dolefull fitts.

Am. No *Techne*, no, I know that cannot be,
And therefore doe not wrong her modestie,
For *Cloris* loues no man, and that's some ease
Vnto my griefe, and giues a hope that yet
If euer soft affection touch her heart,
She will looke back, and thinke on my desert.

Tec. If that be all, that hope is at an end,
For if thou wilt this euening but attend
And walke downe vnder *Ericinas* groue,
And place thy selfe in some close secret bush,
Right opposite vnto the hollow caue
That looks into the vallye, thou shalt see
That honestie, and that great modestie.

Am. If I see *Cloris* there, I know I shall
See nothing els with her, but modestie.

Tec. Yes something els wil grieue your heart to see:
But you must be content, and thinke your selfe
Are not the first, that thus haue bene deceiud,
With fayre appearing out-sides, and mistooke
A wanton heart, by a chaste seeming looke.
But I coniure you by the loue you beare
Vnto those eyes, which make you (as you are
Th'example of compassion to the world)
Sit close and be not seene in any case.

Will

Am. Well *Techne*, if I ſhall ſee *Cloris* there
It is enough, then thither will I goe,
Who will go any where to looke on her.
And *Cloris* know, I do not goe to ſee,
Any thing elſe of thee, but onely thee.
Tec. Well goe and thinke yet of her honeſt care,
Who giues thee note of ſuch a ſhamefull dead,
And iudge *Amyntas* when thou ſhalt be free,
Who more deſerues thy loue, or I or ſhe.

Scen. 5.

Melibaus. Ergaſtus.

Me. Now what infernall proiects are here laid,
T'afflict an honeſt heart, t'expoſe a maide,
Vnto the danger of alone aſſault,
To make her to offend without her fault.
Er. And ſee what other new appearing ſpirits
Would raiſe the tempeſts of diſturbances,
Vpon our reſt, and labour to bring in
All the whole Ocean of vnquietneſſe,
To ouerwhelme the poore peace we liue in?
How one would faine inſtruct, and teach vs how
To cut our throates with forme, and to contend
With artificiall knowledge, to vndoo
Each other, and to brabble without end.
As if that nature had not tooke more care
For vs, then we for our owne ſelues can take,
And makes vs better lawes then thoſe we make.
And as if all that ſcience ought could giue
Vnto our bliſſe, but onely ſhewes vs how
The better to contend, but not to liue.
And euermore we ſee, how vice doth grow
With knowledge, and brings forth a more increaſe,
When skilfull men begin, how good men ceaſe.

And therefore how much better doe we liue,
With quiet ignorance, then we should doe
With turbuient and euer-working skill,
Which makes vs not to liue, but labour still.
Mel. And see that other vaine fantastick spirit,
Who would corrupt our bodies too likewise,
As this our mindes, and make our health to be
As troublesome as sickenesse, to deuise,
That no part of vs euer should be free;
Both forraging on our credulitie,
Take still th'aduantage of our weakenesses;
Both cloath their friuolous vncertainties
In strange attyres, to make it seene the lesse.

Actus 4. *Scen.* 1.

Techne. *Amyntas.*

Tec. *Amyntas* must come back I know this way,
And here it will be best for me to stay,
And here, indeed he comes, poore man I see
All quite dismaide: and now ile worke on him.
Come, who tels troth *Amyntas*, who deceiues
Your expectation now, *Cloris*, or I?
Am. Peace *Techne* peace, and doe not interrupt
The griefe that hath no leasure to attend
Ought but it selfe, and hath shut vp with it
All other sense in priuate close within,
From doing any thing, but onely thinke.
Te. Thinke? wheron should you think? y'haue thought (ynow
And too too much, on such a one as shee.
Whom now you see y'haue tride her honestie:
And let her goe proud girle accordingly,
There's none of these young wanton things that know
How t'vse a man, or how to make their choyse,

Or answere mens affections as they ought,
And if y' will thinke, thinke sh' is not worth a thought,
Good *Techne* leaue mee for thy speach and sight
Beare both that disproportion to my griefe,
As that they trouble, trouble and confound
Confusion in my sorrowes, which doth loath
That sound of wordes that answeres not the tone
Of my dispayres in accents of like mone,
And now hath sorrow no worse plague I see,
Then free and vnpartaking companie.
Who are not in the fashion of our woes,
And whose affection do not looke likwise
Of that complection as our miseries ?
And therefore pray thee leaue me, or else leaue
To speake, or if thou speake let it not be
To me, or else let me, not answere thee.
Tec. Well I say nothing, you know what y' haue seene.
Am. Tis true I doe confesse that I haue seene
The worst the world can shew me, and the worst
That can be euer seene with mortall eye.
I haue beheld the whole of all where in
My heart had any interest in this life;
To be disrent and torne from of my hopes,
That nothing now is leaft, why I should liue:
That ostage I had giuen the world, which was
The hope of her that held me to hold truce
With it, and with this life is gone, and now
Well may I breake with them, and breake I will
And rend that pact of nature, and dissolue
That league of bloud that ties me to my selfe,
For *Cloris* now hath thy immodestie
Infranchizd me, and made me free to die:
Which otherwise I could not least it might
Haue bene (some staine and some disgrace to thee.
Ah was it not ynow for this poore heart
T' indure the burthen of her proud disdayne?

That weigh'd it to the earth but that it must
Be cruht thus with th'oppreſſion of her ſtayne?
The firſt wound yet though it were huge and wide,
Yet was it cleanely made, it feſtred not,
But this now giuen, comes by a poyſned ſhott,
Againſt all lawes of honors that are pure,
And rankles deadly is without all cure.
Ah how ſhe bluſht when as ſhe iſſued forth
With her inamor'd mate out of the caue?
And well then might ſhe bluſh at ſuch a deed,
And with how wild a looke ſhee caſts about
Her fearefull eyes? as if her loathſome ſinne
Now comming thus into the open ſight,
With terror did her guiltines affright;
And vp ſhe treades the hill with ſuch a pace,
As if ſhee gladly would haue out gone ſhame,
Which yet for all her haſting after came.
And at their comming forth, me thought I heard
The villayne vſe my name, and ſhe returne
The ſame againe in very earneſt ſorte,
Which could be for no good I know to mee,
But onely that perhaps it pleaſ'd her then
To caſt me vp by this way of her mouth
From of her heart, leaſt it might ſtuffe the ſame.
But *Cloris* know thou ſhalt not need to feare,
I neuer more ſhall interrupt thy ioyes
With my complayntes, nor more obſerue thy waies;
And ô I would thy heart could be as free
From ſinne and ſhame, as thou ſhalt be from mee.
I could (and I haue reaſon ſo to do)
Reuenge my wrong vpon that wicked wretch,
Who hath ſurpriſ'd my loue, and robb'd thy ſhame,
And make his bloud th'oblation of my wrath
Euen at thy feete, that thou mightſt ſee thſa ne
To expiate, for this iniuſtice donne,
But that the fact examind would diſplay

Thy infamie abroad vnto the world,
Which I had rather die then once bewray.
And *Techne* pray-thee, tell her thus from me,
But yet, ah tell it softly in her eare,
And be thou sure no liuing creature heare,
That her immodestie hath lost this day,
Two the most honest guardians of her good
She had in life, her honour, and my blood.

Tec. Now I may speake I trust you speake to me.

Am. No not yet *Techne*, pray-thee stay a while,
And tell her too, though she spares not her shame,
My death shall shew, that I respect her fame.

Tec. Then now I may. *Am.* O *Techne* no not yet.
And bid her not forget *Amyntas* faith,
Though she despised him, and one day yet
She may be toucht with griefe, and that ere long,
To thinke on her dishonour, and his wrong.
Now *Techne* I haue done, and so farewell.

Tec. But stay *Amyntas*, now must I begin.

Am. I cannot stay *Techne*, let go your hold,
It is in vaine I say, I must be gone.

Tec. Now deare *Amyntas*, heare me but one word.
Ah he is gone, and in that furie gone,
As sure he will in this extremitie
Of his dispaire, do violence to himselfe:
And therefore now what helpe shall I deuise
To stay his ruine? sure there is no meanes
But to call *Cleris*, and perswade with her
To follow him, and to preuent his death;
For though this practise was for mine owne good,
Yet my deceipts vse not to stretch to bloud.
But now I know not where I should find out
That cruell maide, but I must cast about.

Scen. 2.

Amarillis. Dorinda.

Ama. Dorinda, you are yet in happie caſe,
You are belou'd, you need not to complaine;
'Tis I haue reaſon onely to bewaile
My fortunes, who am caſt vpon diſdaine,
And on his rockie heart that wrackes my youth
With ſtormes of ſorowes, and contemnes my truth;
'Tis I that am ſhut out from all delight
This world can yeeld a maide, that am remou'd
From th'onely ioy on earth, to be belou'd:
Cruell *Carinus* ſcornes this faith of mine,
And lets poore *Amarillis* grieue and pine.

Do. Tis true indeed you ſay, I am belou'd,
Sweete *Amarillis*, and perhaps much more
Then I would be: plentie doth make me poore.
For now my heart, as if deuided ſtands
Betwixt two paſſions, loue, and pitty both,
That draw it either way with that maine force,
As that I know not which to yeeld vnto:
And then feare in the midſt, holds m'in ſuſpence,
Leaſt I loath both by mine improuidence.

Ama. How may that be *Dorinda*? you know this,
You can enioy but one, and one there is
Ought to poſſeſſe your heart, and loue alone,
Who hunts two Hares at one time, catches none.

Do. I muſt tell you deare friend the whole diſcourſe
From whom I cannot any thing conceale,
Arcadia knowes, and euery Shepheard knowes
How much *Mirtillus* hath deſeru'd of me,
And how long time his wofull ſute hath laine,
Depending on the mercie of mine eyes,
For whom I doe confeſſe, pittie hath bene
Th'Atturnie euermore that ſtands and pleades

Before

Before my heart, the iuſtice of his cauſe,
And ſayes he ought haue loue, by loues owne lawes.
But now the maiſter ſou'raigne Lord of hearts.
That great commander, and that tyrant loue,
Who muſt haue all according to his will,
Whom pittie onely Vſhers goes before,
As lightning doth the thunder, he ſayes no,
And will that *Colax* onely haue my heart,
That gallant heardſman full of skill and arte:
And all experience of loues myſteries:
To whom I muſt confeſſe me to haue giuen
The earneſt of my loue; but ſince that time
I neuer ſaw the man, which makes me much
To wonder that his dealings ſhould be ſuch:
For either loue, hath in reſpect that I,
Deſpiſed haue the true and honeſt faith,
Of one that lou'd me with ſinceritie,
Made me the ſpoile of falſhood and contempt,
Or elſe perhaps the ſame is done to trie
My reſolution, and my conſtancie?
But yet I feare the worſt, and feare I may,
Leaſt he now hauing got the victorie,
Cares for no more: and ſeeing he knowes my loue
Turnes towards him, he turnes his back to me,
So that I know not what were beſt reſolue,
Either to ſtand vnto the doubtfull faith
Of one that hath ſo dangerouſly begun,
Or elſe returne t'accept *Mirtillus* loue,
Who will perhaps when mine begins haue done:
So that inwrapt in this diſtracted toyle
I vexe, and know not what to doe the while.
And therefore *Amarillis* I thinke ſure,
(Se'ing now how others loue in me hath prou'd)
You are moſt happy not to be belou'd.

Scen.

Scen. 3.

Cloris. Amarillis. Dorinda.

Clo. Now here between you two, kinde louing soules,
I know there can be no talke but of loue,
Loue must be all the scope of your discourse,
Alas poore hearts, I wonder how you can
In this deceiptfull world thinke of a man.
For they doe nothing but make fooles of you,
And laugh when they haue done, and prooue vntrue.
Am. Well *Cloris* well, reioyce that you are free,
You may be toucht one day as well as we.
Clo. Indeed and I had like so this last night,
Had I not lookt with such an angry eye,
And frownd so sowre that I made loue afeard,
There was a fellow needs forsooth, would haue
My heart from me whether I would or not,
And had as great aduantage one could haue,
I tell you that he had me in a Caue.
Do. What in a Caue? *Cloris*, how came you there?
Clo. Truly *Dorinda* I will tell you how:
By no arte magique, but a plaine deuise
Of *Techne*, who would trie her wit on me,
For she had promisd me, to meete me there
At such an houre, and thither bring with her
A new strange dressing she had made for me,
Which there close out of sight, I should trie on:
Thither went I poore foole, at th'houre decreed,
And there expecting *Technes* company,
In rushes fleering *Colax* after me.
Whom sure she sent of purpose to the place,
And there with his affected apish grace
And strained speach, offring to seaze on me,
Out rusht I from him, as indeed, amazd
At his so sodaine and vnexpected sight.

And

And after followes hee, vowes, ſweares, proteſts
By all the gods, he neuer lou'd before
Any one liuing in the world but me,
And for me onely, would he ſpend his life.
Do. Alas and what am I forgotten then?
Why theſe were euen the wordes he ſpake to mee.
Clo. And then inueighes againſt *Amintas* loue,
Vants his owne partes, and his great knowledges,
And all ſo idle, as, in troth me thought
I neuer heard a man more vainely talke,
For ſo much as I heard, for vp the hill
I went with ſuch a pace and neuer ſtaide
To giue regard to any thing he ſaid:
As at the laſt I ſcarſe had leaft him breath
Sufficient to forſweare himſelfe with all.
Do. Ah what hath then my ſilly ignorance done
To be deceiud, and mockt by ſuch a one?
Clo. And when I had recouerd vp the hill,
I fayrely ran away and leaft my man
In middſt of his coniuring periuries;
All emptie to returne with mightie loſſe
Of breath and labour, hauing caſt away
Much fooliſh paines in tricking vp him ſelfe
For this exployte, and goes without his game,
Which he in hope deuourd before he came.
And I too, miſt my dreſſing by this meanes.
But I admire how any Woman can?
Be ſo vnwiſe to like of ſuch a man,
For I proteſt I ſee nought elſe but froth,
And ſhallow impudence, affected grace,
And ſome few idle practiſd complement:
And all the thing he is, he is with out,
For affection ſtriues but to appeare,
And neuer is of ſubſtance, nor Sincere.
And yet this dare of falſhood hath beguild
A thouſand fooliſh wenches in his dayes.

Do. The more wretch he, & more hard hap was theirs.
Clo. Why doe you ſigh *Dorinda* are you toucht
With any of theſe paſſages of mine?
Do. Noe truly not of yours, but I haue cauſe
In my particular that makes me ſigh.
Clo. Well well come on to put vs from this talke,
Let vs deuiſe ſome ſporte to paſſe the time.
Am. Faith I haue no great liſt to any ſporte.
Do. Nor I in troth 'tis fartheſt from my minde.
Clo. Then let vs tell old tales, repeat our dreames,
Or any thing rather then thinke of loue. (night
Am. And now you ſpeake of dreames, in troth laſt
I was much troubled with a feareful dreame.
Do. And truly *Amarillis* ſo was I.
Clo. And now I doe remember too, I, had
A fooliſh idle dreame, and this it was:
Me thought the fayreſt of *Montanus* lambs,
And one he lou'd the beſt of all his flock,
Was fingled out, and chac'd b'a cruell curre,
And in his hote purſuit makes towards me,
(Me thought) for ſuccour, and about mee ran,
As if it begd my ayde to ſaue his life,
Which I long time deferrd, and ſtill lookt on,
And would not reſcue it, vntill at length
I ſaw it euen quite wourried out of breath,
And panting at my feete and could no more:
And then me thought, I tooke it vp from death,
And cheriſht it with mee, and brought it back
Home to *Montanus*, who was glad to ſee
The poore recouerd creature thus reſtor'd;
And I my ſelfe was greatly pleaſ'd, me thought,
That by my hand ſo good a deede Was wrought,
And *Amarillis* now tell vs your dreame?
Am. Me thought as I in *Eremanthus* walkt
A fearful wooIfe ruſht forth from out a brake,
And towards me makes with open hideous iawes

From whom I ranne with all the ſpeed I could,
T'eſcape my danger, and t'ouertake
One whom I ſaw before, that might lend ayde
To me diſtreſt, but he, me thought did runne
As faſt from me, as I did from the beaſt.
I cride to him, (but all in vaine) to ſtay;
The more I cride, the more he ranne away;
And after I, and after me the Wolfe,
So long, as I began to faint in minde,
Seeing my deſpaire before, my death behinde:
Yet ranne I ſtill, and loe, me thought, at length
A little he began to ſlack his pace,
Which I perceiuing, put to all my ſtrength
And ranne, as if deſire had wingd my heeles,
And in the end me thought recou'red him.
But neuer woman felt more ioy it ſeem'd
To ouertake a man, then I did him,
By whom I ſcapte the danger I was in,
That when I wak'd, as preſently I wak'd,
Toucht with that ſodaine ioy, which my poore heart
God knowes, had not bene vſd vnto of late:
I found my ſelfe all in a moiſt faint ſweate,
Which that affrighting horrour did beget,
And though I were deliu'red of my feare,
And felt this ioy, yet did the trembling laſt
Vpon my heart, when now the feare was paſt.

Clo. This *Amarillis* may your good portend,
That yet you may haue comfort in the end.

Am. God grant I may, it is the thing I want.

Clo. And now *Dorinda* tell vs what you dreamt.

Do. I dreamt, that hauing gone to gather flowers,
And weary of my worke, repoſing me
Vpon a banke neere to a Riuers ſide,
A ſubtle Serpent lurking in the graſſe.
Came ſecretly, and ſeizd on my left breaſt,
Which though I ſaw, I had no power to ſtirre,

But lay me ſtill, till he had eate a way
Into my boſome, whence he tooke my heart,
And in his mouth carrying the ſame away,
Returnes, me thought againe from whence he came,
Which I perceiuing preſently aroſe,
And after it moſt wofully I went,
To ſee if I could finde my heart againe,
And vp and downe, I ſought but all in vaine.

Clo. In troth 'tis no good luck to dreame of Snakes,
One ſhall be ſure t'heare anger after it.

Do. And ſo it may be I haue done to day.

Clo. Indeed, and I haue heard it neuer failes.

Scen. 4.

Techne. Cloris. Amarillis. Dorinda.

Tec. Come you are talking here in iollitie,
Whilſt I haue ſought you *Cloris* all about:
Come, come, good *Cloris* quickly come away.

Cl. What is the newes? what haue we now to doo,
Haue you another Caue to ſend me too?

Tec. Ah talke no more of that but come away,
As euer you will ſaue the wofull life
Of a diſtreſſed man that dyes for you.

Clo. Why what doth *Colax* whom you ſent to me
Into the Caue, faint now with his repulſe?

Tec. I ſent him not, you would ſo wiſely goe,
In open ſight, as men might ſee you goe,
And trace you thither all the way you went.
But come, ah 'tis not he, it is the man
You ought to faue: *Amyntas* is the man
Your cruelty, and rigour hath vndone:
O quickly come, or it will be too late;
For 'twas his chance, and moſt vnluckely,
To ſee both you and *Colax*, as you came

Out

Out of the Caue, and he thinkes verily
You are poſſeſt by him; which ſo confounds
His ſpirits, and ſinckes his heart, that ſure h'is runne
T'vndoe himſelfe, and ô I feare 'tis done.
Clo. If it be done, my helpe will come too late,
And I may ſtay, and ſaue that labour here.
Am. Ah *Cloris* haſte away, if this be ſo,
And doe not, if thou haſt a heart of fleſh,
And of a woman, ſtay and trifle time,
Goe runne, and ſaue thine owne, for if he die,
'Tis thine that dyes, his bloud is ſhed for thee,
And what a horrour this will euer be
Hereafter to thy guiltie conſcience, when
Yeares ſhall haue taught thee wit, and thou ſhalt finde
This deed inſtampt in bloudy Characters,
Within the black recordes of thine owne thoughts,
Which neuer will be raz'd whilſt thou haſt breath,
Nor yet will be forgotten by thy death.
Beſides wide Fame, will Trumpet forth thy wrong,
And thou ſhalt be with all poſteritie,
Amongſt th'examples held of crueltie,
And haue this ſauage deed of thine be made
A ſullein ſubiect for a Tragedie,
Intitled *Cloris*, that thereby thy name
May ſerue to be an euerlaſting ſhame;
And therefore goe preuent ſo foule a ſtaine.
Do. Ah goe, goe *Cloris*, haſte away with ſpeed.
Clo. Why whether ſhould I goe? I know not where
To finde him now, and if he doe this deed,
It is his error, and no fault of mine.
Yet pray thee *Techne*, which way went the man?
Tec. Come *Cloris*, I will ſhew which way he went,
In moſt ſtrange furie, and moſt deſperate ſpeed,
Still crying, *Cloris*, haſt thou done this deed?
Clo. Why had not you ſtaid? and perſwaded him?
Tec. I could not ſtay him by no meanes I vſd,

Though all the meanes I could deuiſe I vſd.
Clo. Well I will goe, poore man, to ſeeke him out,
Though I can do him elſe no other good.
I know indeed he hath deſeru'd my loue,
And if I would like any, ſhould be him,
So that I thought he would be true to me.
But thus my dreame may now chance come to paſſe,
And I may happen to bring home indeed
Montanus ſonne, *Amyntas* that deere Lambe
He loues ſo well, and by my gracious deed,
He may eſcape the danger he was in.
Which if I doe, and thereby doe inthrall
My ſelfe, to free anothers miſery,
Then will I ſit and ſigh, and talke of loue
As well as you, and haue your company.
For ſomething I doe feele begin to moue,
And yet I hope 'tis nothing elſe but feare;
Yet what know I? that feare may hap be loue.
Well *Techne* come, I would not haue him yet
To periſh, poore *Amyntas* in this fit. *Exeunt.*
Ama. Well *Cloris* yet he may, for ought I ſee
Before you come, vnleſſe you make more haſte.
Ah cruell maide, ſhe little knowes the griefe
Of ſuch a heart that's deſperate of reliefe,
Nor vnderſtands ſhe her owne happineſſe,
To haue ſo true a louer as he is.
And yet I ſee ſh'is toucht, if not too late,
For I perceiu'd her coulour come and goe,
And though in pride ſhe would haue hid her woe,
Yet I ſaw ſorrow looke out at her eyes.
And poore *Amyntas* if thou now be gone,
Thou haſt (like to the Bee that ſtinging dyes,
And in anothers wound leaſt his owne life)
Tranſpierced by thy death, that marble heart,
Which liuing thou, couldſt touch by no deſert.
And if thou ſhalt eſcape, thou haſt ſuruiu'd

Her crueltie, which now repents her wrong,
And thou shalt by her fauours be reuiu'd,
After the affliction thou hast suffred long.
Which makes me thinke, that time, and patience may
Intenerat at length the hardest heart,
And that I may yet after all my woe,
Liue t'ouertake *Carinus* mercie too.

Do. And here this sad distresse of such a true,
And constant louer, ouercome with griefe,
Presents vnto my guilty memorie
The wrongs, *Mirtillus* hath indur'd of me.
And ô I would I knew now how he doth,
I feare he is not well, I saw him not
Scarse these three dayes, I meruaile where he is,
And yet what need I meruaile, who haue thus
Chac'd him from me with frownes, and vsage vile,
And fondly leaft the substance of his faith,
To catch the shadow of deceipt and guile?
Was *Colax* he I thought the onely man,
And is he now prou'd to be such a one?
O that I euer lent an easie eare,
Vnto so false a wretches flatteries,
Whose very name I now abhorre to heare,
And loath my selfe, for being so vnwise.
What shall I doe sweete *Amarillis* now,
Which way shall I betake me to recouer
The losse of shame, and losse of such a louer?

Ama. Indeed *Dorinda* you haue done him wrong,
But your repentance, and compassion now
May make amends, and you must learne to do
As I long time haue done, indure and hope,
And on that turne of Fortunes Scene depend,
When all extremities must mend, or end.

Scen. 5.

Melibæus. Ergaſtus.

Mel. Well, come *Ergaſtus*, we haue ſeene ynow,
And it is more then time, that we prepare
Againſt this Hydra of confuſion now,
Which ſtill preſents new hideous heads of feare:
And euery houre we ſee begets new broiles,
And intricates our youth in deſperate toyles.
And therefore let th'aduantage of this day,
Which is the great, and generall hunting day
In *Eremanthus*, ſerue for this good deed:
And when we meete (as all of vs ſhall meete
Here in this place anone, as is decreed)
We will aduiſe our Shepheards to intermit
That worke, and fall to this imports vs more,
To chaſe out theſe wild miſchiefes that doe lurke,
And worſe infeſt, then th'*Eremanthian* Boare,
Or all Beaſts elſe, which onely ſpoile our fields,
Whilſt theſe which are of more prodigious kindes,
Bend all their forces to deſtroy our mindes.
Erg. And this occaſion will be very fit
Now to be tooke, for one day loſt may loſe
More by example, then we ſhall reget
In thouſands, for when men ſhall once diſcloſe
The way of ill that lay vnknowne before,
Scarce all our paines will euer ſtop it more.
Man is a creature of a wilfull head,
And hardly'is driuen, but eaſily is lead.

Actus. 5. Scen. 1.

Amarillis. Carinus.

Ama. Ah gentle *Lelaps*, prety louing dogge,

Where

Where haſt thou leaft thy maiſter, where is hee,
That great commander ouer thee and mee?
Thou wert not wont be far off from his feete,
And ô no more would I, were he ſo pleaſd;
But would as well as thou go follow him,
Through brakes, and thickets, ouer cliffes and rockes
So long as I had life to follow him,
Would he but looke vpon me with that eye
Of fauour, as h'is vſ'd to looke on thee.
Thou canſt be clapt, and ſtrookt with that faire hande
That thruſtes away my heart, and beates it [illegible]
From following him, which yet it euer will
And though he fly mee I muſt after ſtill.
But here he comes, me thought he was not farre.

Car. What meane you *Amarillis* in this ſorte
By taking vp my dogge to marre my ſporte?

Am. My deare *Carinus* thou doſt much miſtake
I doe not marre thy ſporte, tis thou marrſt mine,
And killſt my ioyes with that hard heart of thine.
Thy dooge perhaps by ſome inſtinct doth know
How that I am his maiſters creature too,
And kindely comes himſelfe, and fawnes on me
To ſhew what you in nature ought to doe?

Car. Fie *Amarillis*, you that know my minde
Should not me thinkes this euer trouble me.

Am. What is it troubleſome to be belou'd?
How is it then *Carinus* to be loath'd?
If I had donne like *Cloris*, ſkornd your ſute,
And ſpourn'd your paſſions, in diſdainefull ſorte,
I had bene woo'd, and ſought, and highly prizd,
But hauing n'other arte to win thy loue,
Saue by diſcouering mine, I am deſpiſd.
As if you would not haue the thing you ſought,
Vnles you knew, it were not to be gote.
And now becauſe I lie here at thy feete,
The humble booty of thy conquering eies,

And lay my heart all open in thy ſight,
And tell thee I am thine, and tell thee right.
And doe not ſute my lookes, nor cloth my words
In other coulours, then my thoughts do weare,
But doe thee right in all, thou ſkorneſt me
As if thou didſt not loue ſinceritie
Neuer did Cryſtall more apparantly
Preſent the coulour it contayn'd with in
Then haue theſe eyes, theſe teares, this tongue of mine,
Bewrey'd my heart, and told how much I'am thine.
Ca. Tis true I know you haue too much bewrayd
And more then fitts the honour of a mayde.
Am. O if that nature hath not arm'd my breaſt
With that ſtrong temper of reſiſting proofe,
But that by treaſon of my weake complection, I
Am made thus eaſy to the violent ſhott
Of paſſion, and th'affection I ſhould not:
Me thinks yet you out of your ſtrength and power,
Should not diſdayne that weakenes, but ſhould thinke
It rather is your vertue, as indeed
It is, that makes me thus againſt my kinde,
T'vnlock my thoughs, and to let out my minde,
When I ſhould rather die and burſt with loue
Then once to let my tongue to ſay, I loue.
And if your worthy partes be of that power
To vanquiſh nature, and I muſt be wonne
Do not diſdayne the worke when you haue don,
For in contemning me you do diſpiſe
That power of yours which makes me to be thus.
Ca. Now what adoe is here with idle talke?
And to no purpoſe, for you know I haue
Ingagd long ſince my heart, my loue and all
To *Cloris*, who muſt haue the ſame and ſhall.
Am. Why there is no ſuch odds twixt her and me,
I am a Nimph, tis knowne as well as ſhee.
There is no other difference betwixt vs twaine

But that I loue, and ſhe doth thee diſdaine,
No other reaſon can induce thy minde,
But onely that which ſhould diuert thy minde.
I will attend thy flockes better then ſhe,
And dreſſe thy Bower more ſweete, more daintily,
And cheeriſh thee with Salets, and with Fruites,
And all freſh dainties as the ſeaſon ſutes;
I haue more skill in hearbes then ſhe, by farre,
I know which nouriſh, which reſtoring are:
And I will finde *Dictamnus* for thy Goates,
And ſeeke out Clauer for thy little Lambes,
And Tetrifoll to cheeriſh vp their Dammes.
And this I know, I haue a better voyce
Then ſhe, though ſhe perhaps may haue more arte,
But which is beſt; I haue the faithfulſt heart.
Beſides *Amyntas* hath her loue, I know,
And ſhe begins to manifeſt it now.

Car. *Amyntas* haue her loue? that were moſt ſtrange,
When he hath gotten that, you ſhall haue mine.

Am. O deere *Carinus*, let me reſt vpon
That bleſſed word of thine, and I haue done.

Scen. 2.

Mirtillus. Carinus. Amarillis.

Mir. Well met *Carinus*, I can tell you newes,
Your riuall, poore *Amyntas*, hath vndone
And ſpoild himſelfe, and lyes in that weake caſe,
As we thinke neuer more to ſee his face.

Car. *Mirtillus*, I am ſory t'heare ſo much:
Although *Amyntas* be competitor
In th'Empire of her heart, wherein my life
Hath chiefeſt claime, I doe not wiſh his death:
But by what chance, *Mirtillus* pray thee tell?

Mir. I will *Carinus*, though I grieue to tell.

As *Titerus*, *Menalcas*, and my ſelfe
Were placing of our toyles (againſt anon
That we ſhall hunt) below within the ſtraight,
Twixt *Eremanthus*, and *Lycæus* mount,
We might perceiue vnder a ragged cliffe,
In that moſt vncouth deſart, all alone,
Diſtreſt *Amyntas* lying on the ground,
With his ſad face, turnd cloſe vnto the rock,
As if he loathd to ſee more of the world,
Then that poore ſpace, which was twixt him and it:
His right hand ſtretcht, along vpon his ſide,
His leaft, he makes the pillor to ſupport
His carefull head, his Pipe he had hung vp
Vpon a Beach tree by, where he likewiſe
Had plac'd his Sheephooke, and his Knife, wherewith
He had incaru'd an wofull Elegie,
To ſhew th'occaſion of his miſerie.
His dogge *Melampus* ſitting by his ſide,
As if he were partaker of his woe:
By which we knew 'twas he, and to him went,
And after we had call'd, and ſhooke him vp,
And found him not to anſwere, nor to ſtirre
And yet his eyes abroad, his body warme;
We tooke him vp, and held him from the ground,
But could not make him ſtand by any meanes;
And ſincking downe againe, we ſearcht to ſee
If he had any wound, or blow, or wrinch,
But none could finde: at laſt by chance we ſpide
A little horne which he had flung aſide,
Whereby we geſt he had ſome poyſon tooke.
And therevpon we ſent out preſently
To fetch *Vrania*, whoſe great skill in hearbes
Is ſuch, as if there any meanes will be,
As I feare none will be, her onely arte
Muſt ſerue to bring him to himſelfe againe.

Car. Indeed *Vrania* hath bene knowne t'haue done

Moſt

Most desperate cures, and peraduenture may
Restore him yet; & I doe wish she may.
Mir. But hauing there vs'd all the helpe we could,
And all in vaine, and standing by with griefe,
(As we might well, to see so sad a sight)
(And such an worthy Shepheard in that plight)
We might perceiue come running downe the hill,
Cloris, and *Techne*, with what speed they could,
But *Cloris* had got ground, and was before,
And made more haste, as it concernd her more.
And neerer as she came, she faster went,
As if she did desire to haue bene there
Before her feete, too slow for her swift feare.
And comming to the place, she sodainely
Stopt, startes, and shrikt, and hauing made such haste
T'haue something done, now could she nothing doe.
Perhaps our presence might perplexe her too,
As being asham'd that any eye should see
The new appearing of her naked heart,
That neuer yet before was seene till now.
Car. And 'tis ill hap for me it was seene now.
Mir. For we perceiu'd how *Loue* and *Modestie*
With seu'rall Ensignes, stroue within her cheekes
Which should be Lord that day, and charged hard
Vpon each other, with their fresh supplies
Of different coulours, that still came, and went,
And much disturb'd her, but at length dissolu'd
Into affection, downe she casts her selfe
Vpon his senseless body, where she saw
The mercie she had brought was come too late:
And to him calles; ô deare *Amyntas* speake,
Looke on me, sweete *Amyntas*, it is I
That calles thee, I it is, that holds thee here,
Within those armes thou haste esteem'd so deare.
And though that loue were yet so young in her
As that it knew not how to speake, or what,

Scen. 3.

Melibæus, Ergastus, Montanus, Acrisius, with other Arcadians, bringing with them Alcon, Lincus, Colax, Techne, Pistophœnax.

Meli. You gentle Shepheards and inhabitors
Of these remote, and solitarie parts
Of *Montaynous Arcadia*, shut vp here
Within these Rockes, these vnfrequented Clifts,
The walles and Bulwarkes of our libertie,
From out the noise of tumult, and the throng
Of sweating toyle, ratling concurrencie,
And haue continued still the same and one
In all successions from antiquitie,
Whilst all the states on earth besides haue made
A thousand reuolutions, and haue rowld
From change to change, and neuer yet found rest,
Nor euer bettered their estates by change.
You, I inuoke this day in generall,
To doe a worke that now concernes vs all:
Least that we leaue not to posteritie,
Th'*Arcadia* that we found continued thus
By our forefathers care who least it vs.
For none of you I know, whose iudgment's graue
Can ought discerne, but sees how much we are
Transformd of late, and changd from what we were;
And what distempers dayly doe arise
Amongst our people, neuer felt before,
At which I know you meruaile, as indeed
You well may meruaile, whence they should proceed:
And so did good *Ergastus* here, and I,
Vntill we set our selues more warily
To search it out, which by good hap we haue,
And found the Authors of this wickednesse.

Which

Which Diuels attyr'd here in the ſhape of men,
We haue produc'd before you, to the end
You may take ſpeedy order to ſuppreſſe
Our growing follies, and their impiouſneſſe.
Erg. Indeed theſe odious wretches which you ſee,
Are they who haue brought in vpon our reſt,
Theſe new and vnknowne miſchiefes of debate,
Of wanton pride, of ſcandulous reportes,
Of vile deluding chaſte and honeſt loues,
Of vndeſeru'd ſuſpitious deſperate griefes,
And all the ſadneſſe we haue ſeene of late.
And firſt this man this *Lincus* here you ſee,
Montanus you, and you *Acryſius* know,
With what deceipt, and with what cunning arte,
He intertaind your ſtrifes, abuſd you both,
By firſt perſwading you that you had right
In your demandes, and then the right was yours,
And would haue made as many rightes, as men
Had meanes, or power, or will to purchaſe them;
Could he haue once attain'd to his deſires.
Mon. We doe confeſſe our errour, that we were
Too eaſily perſwaded by his craft,
To wrangle for imagin'd titles, which
We here renounce, and quit for euermore,
Acry. And we deſire the memory thereof
May dye with vs, that it be neuer knowne
Our feeble age hath ſuch example ſhowne.
Erg. And now this other ſtrange impoſtor here,
This *Alcon*, who like *Lincus* hath put on,
The habite too of emptie grauitie,
To catch opinion, and conceipt withall,
Seekes how to ſet vs all at variance here
With nature, as this other with our ſelues,
And would confound her, working with his arte,
And labours how to make our minds firſt ſick,
Before our bodies, and perſwade our health

It is not well, that he may haue thereby
Both it and sicknesse euer vnder cure.
And forraine druggs bringes to distemper's here
And make vs like the wanton world abroad.
Mel. But here are two the most pernitious spirits
The world I thinke did euer yet produce.
Colax and *Techne*, two such instruments
Of Wantonnesse, of Lust and treacherie,
As are of power t' intice and to debaush
The vniuersall state of honestie.
Erg. But *Techne* who is that standes their by you,
What is your companie increast of late?
Te. Truely it is a very honest man
A friend of mine that comes to see me here.
Erg. He cannot then but be an honest man,
If he be one of your acquintance sure.
Mel. This man I found with them now since you went
Mayntayning hote dispute with *Titerus*
About the rites, and misteries of *Pan*.
Erg. H'is like to be of their associats then.
Er. Techne, what is this secret friend of yours?
Tec. For-sooth he is a very holy man.
Erg. A very holy man? what is his name?
Tec. Truely his name Sir is *Pistophœnax*.
Erg. What is he maskt, or is that face his owne?
Tec. He is not maskt, tis his complection sure.
Erg. *Techne* we cannot credite thy report.
Let one try whether it be so or not,
O see a most deformed ougly face.
Wherewith if openly he should appeare,
He would deterre all men from comming nere.
And therefore hath that cunning wretch put on
This pleasing visor of apparencie,
T' intice and to delude the world withal;
So that you see with what strange inginiers,
The proiect of our ruine is forecast.

How

How they implanted haue their battery here,
Against all the maine pillors of our state,
Our Rites; our Customes, Nature, Honestie.
T'imbroyle, and to confound vs vtterly,
Reckning vs barbarous, but if thus their skill
Doth ciuilize let vs be barbarous still.
Mel. But now to shew the horrible effects
Of *Colax*, and of *Technes* practises,
(Besides this last exploit they wrought vpon,
Amyntas (who, poore youth, lies now full weake
Vnder *Vranias* cure, whose skill we heare
Hath yet recall'd him to himselfe againe)
We haue sent out abrode into the woods,
For *Siluia* and *Palæmon* two chast soules
Whom they haue torturd so with iealosie,
Of each the other, as they made them run
A part, to languish seuerally alone;
And we haue sent for diuers others too,
Whose heartes haue felt what impious craft can do.
And here they come, and now you shall know all.

Scen. 4.

Palæmon. Mirtillus. Carinus. Siluia. Dorinda. Amarillis. Daphne. Cloris. Amyntas.

Erg. Come good *Palæmon*, and good *Siluia* come,
You haue indurd too much, and too too long.
Sil. Ah why *Ergastus* doo you set our names
So nere together, when our hearts so far,
Are distant from each other as they are?
Indeed whilst we were one as once we were,
And as we ought to be, were faith obserud,
Palæmon should not haue bene nam'd without
A *Siluia*, nor yet *Siluia* without him.
But now we may *Ergastus*, we are two.

Pal. Siluia, there in the greater wrong you doe.
Sil. Palæmon, nay the greater wrong you doe.
Erg. Alas we know well where the wrong doth lie.
Sil. I know you doe, and all the world may know.
Pal. Siluia, you see your fault cannot be hid.
Sil. It is no fault of mine *Palæmon*, that
Your shame doth come to be reuealed here;
I neuer told it, you your selfe haue not
Conceald your worke so closely as you should.
Pal. But there stands one can tel what you haue bene.
Sil. Nay there he standes can tel what you haue bene.
And sure is now in publicke here produced
To testifie your shame, but not set on
By me I doe protest, who rather would
Haue dide alone in secret with my griefe
Then had your infamie discouerd here.
wherein my shame, must haue so great a share.
Pal I haue not sought to manifest your shame,
Which *Siluia*, rather then haue done I would
Haue bene content t'indure the worst of deathes,
I hauing such an intrest in the same.
Col, No *Siluia*, no *Palæmon*, I stand here
Not to accuse you, but t'accuse my selfe
Of wrong, you both God knowes are cleare,
I haue abusd your apt credulitie,
With false reportes of things that neuer were:
And therefore here craue pardon for the same.
Pal why *Colax*, did not *Siluia* intertaine
The loue of *Thyrsis* then as you told me?
Col. Palæmon no, she neuer intertaind
His loue, nor wronged you as I euer knew.
Sil. But *Colax* you saw how *Palæmon* did
With *Nisa* falsifie his vow to me.
Col. Siluia, by heauen and earth I sweare not I,
But onely faind it out of subtiltie;
For some vngodly ends I had decreed.

Pal. O let not this be made some cunning baite
To take my griefes with false beleefe, for I
Had rather liue with sorrow then deceipt,
And still b'vndone, then to haue such reliefe.
Sil. Ah let not this deuise be wrought to guilde
My bitternesse, to make me swallow'it now,
That I might be another time beguilde
With confidence, and not trust what I know.
Pal. Ah *Siluia* now, how were I cleer'd of griefe,
Had I the power to vnbeleeue beliefe.
But ah my heart hath dwelt so long in house
With that first tale, as this which is come new,
Cannot be put in trust with my desire
So soone, besides 'tis too good to be true.
Sil. Could I *Palæmon* but vnthinke the thought
Of th'ill first heard, and that it were not so,
How blest were I? but loe I see how doubt
Comes in farre easier then it can get out.
And in these miseries of iealousie,
Our eare hath greater credit then our eye.
Mel. Stand not confusd deare louers any more,
For this is now the certaine truth you heare,
And this vile wretch hath done you both this wrong.
Pa. Ist possible, and is this true you say,
And doe I liue, and doe I see the day?
Ah then come *Siluia*, for I finde this wound
That pierc'd into the center of my heart,
Hath let in loue farre deeper then it was.
Sil. If this be so, why then *Palæmon* know,
I likewise feele the loue that was before
Most in my heart, is now become farre more:
And now ô pardon me you worthy race
Of men, if I in passion vttred ought
In preiudice of your most noble sexe;
And thinke it was m'agrieued errour spake
It knew not what, transported so, not I.

Pal. And pardon me you glorious company
You ſtarres of women, if m'in raged heat
Haue ought profan'de your reuerent dignitie,
And thou bright *Pallas* ſou'raigne of al Nimphes,
The royall Miſtreſſe of our Paſtorall Muſe
And thou *Diana* honour of the woodes
To whome I vow my ſonges, and vow my ſelfe,
Forgiue me mine offence and be you pleaſd
T'accept of my repentance now therefore,
And grace me ſtill, and I deſire no more.
Sil. And now I would that *Cloris* knew this much
That ſo ſhe might be vndeceiued too,
Whom I haue made beleeue ſo ill of men.
But lo ſee where ſhe comes, and as it ſeemes
Brings her beliefe already in her hand
Preuents my act, and is confirmd before.
Looke *Cloris* looke, my feares haue idle bene,
Palamon Loues me there is truſt in men.
Col. And *Siluia* I muſt now beleeue ſo too
Or elſe god help I know not what to doe.
Pal. Looke here *Mirtillus* looke what I told you
Is now prou'd falſe, and women they are true,
Mi. So I perceiue *Palamon*, and it ſeemes
But vaine conceipt that other wiſe eſteemes.
Mo. Alas here comes my deare reſtored ſonne
My louely child *Amyntas* here is come.
Acry. And here is *Cloris* my deare daughter come
And lookes as if ſhe were affrighted ſtill,
Poore ſoule, with feare, and with her ſodaine griefe.
Col. Lo here *Montanus* I haue brought you home
Although with much adoe, your ſonne againe
And ſorry am with all my heart that I,
Haue bene the cauſe he hath indur'd ſo much.
Mon. And I reſtore him back againe to you
Deare *Cloris* and doe wiſh you to forget
Your ſorowes paſt, and pray the Gods you may

From henceforth lead your life with happie ioy.
Acr. Do *Cloris* take him, and I wish as much.
Erg. Well then to make our ioyfull festiuals
The more complet, *Dorinda*, we intreat
You also to accept *Mirtillus* loue,
Who we are sure hath well deserued yours.
Do. Although this be vppon short warning, yet
For that I haue bene sommoned before
By mine owne heart, and his deserts to me
To yeeld to such a motion, I am now
Content t'accept his loue, and wilbe his.
Mir. *Dorinda* then I likewise haue my blisse
And reckon all the sufferings I haue past
Worthy of thee to haue this ioy at last.
Mel. And you *Carinus* looke on that good Nimph
Whose eye is still on you, as if she thought
Her suffrings too, deserud some time of ioy
And now expects her turne, hath brought her lap
For comfort too whilst fortune deales good hap.
And therefore let her haue it now poore soule
For she is worthy to possesse your loue.
Car. I know she is, and she shall haue my loue,
Though *Colax* had perswaded me before
Neuer t'accept or to beleeue the loue
Of any Nimph, and oft to me hath sworne
How he had tryde them all, and that none were
As men, beguild by shewes, suppos'd they were:
But now I doe perceiue his treachery,
And that they haue both loue and constancie.
Ama. O deare *Carinus* blest be this good howre,
That I haue liu'd to ouertake at last
That heart of thine which fled from me so fast.
Erg. And *Daphne* too me thinks your heauy lookes
Shew how that something is amisse with you.
Dap. Nothing amisse with me, but that of late
I tooke a fall, which some what grieues me yet.

Erg. That

Erg. That muſt aduiſe you *Daphne* from henceforth
To looke more warily vnto your teete,
Which if you doe, no doubt but all will be well,
Mel. Then thus we ſee the ſadneſſe of this day
Is ended with the euening of our ioy:
And now you impious ſpirits, who thus haue raiſd
The hideous tempeſts of theſe miſeries,
And thus abuſd our ſimple innocence,
We charge you all here preſently t'auoyd,
From out our confines, vnder paine to be
Caſt downe, and daſht in peeces from theſe rockes,
And t'haue your odious carkaſes deuour'd
By beaſts, being worſe your ſelues then beaſts to men.
Col. Well then come *Techne*, for I ſee we two
Muſt euen be forſt to make a marriage too.
And goe to *Corinth*, or ſome Cittie neere,
And by our practiſe get our liuing there:
Which both together ioynd, perhaps we may:
And this is now the worſt of miſeries
Could come vnto me, and yet worthily,
For hauing thus abuſd ſo many Nimphes,
And wrong'd the honour moſt vnreuerently
Of women, in that ſort as I haue done,
That now I am forſt to vndergoe therefore,
The worſt of Plagues: To marry with a W.
Alc But *Lincus* let not this diſcourage vs,
That this poore people iealous of their reſt,
Exile vs thus, for we no doubt ſhall finde
Nations enough, that will moſt ready be
To entertaine our skill, and cheriſh vs.
And worthier people too, of ſubtler ſpirits,
Then theſe vnfaſhion'd, and vncomb'd rude ſwaines.
Lin. Yea and thoſe Nations are farre ſooner drawne
T'all friuolous diſtractions then are theſe;
For oft we ſee, the groſſe doe manage things,
Farre better then the ſubtle, cunning brings

Confu-

Confuſion ſooner then doth ignorance.

Al. Yea and I doubt not whilſt there ſhalbe found
Fantaſticke puling wenches in the world,
But I ſhall floriſh, and liue iollily,
For ſuch as I by women muſt begin
To gaine a name, and reputation winne.
Which when we haue attaind to, you know then
How eaſily the women draw on men.

Lin. Nor do I doubt but I ſhall likewiſe liue;
And thriue, where euer I ſhall plant my ſelfe;
For I haue all thoſe helps my ſkill requires,
A wrangling nature, a conteſting grace,
A Clamorous voyce, and an audacious face.
And I can cite the law t'oppugne the law,
And make the gloſſe to ouerthrow the text
I can alledge, and vouch authoritie,
T'imbroyle th' intent, and ſenſe of equitie:
Beſides by hauing bene a Notarie,
And vſ'd to frame litigious inſtruments
And leaue aduantages for ſubtilty,
And ſtrife to worke on, I can ſo deuiſe
That there ſhalbe no writing made ſo ſure
But it ſhall yeeld occaſion to conteſt
At any time when men ſhall thinke it beſt.
Nor be thou checkt with this *Piſtophœnax*,
That at thy firſt appearing thou art thus
Diſcou'red here, thou ſhall along with vs,
And take thy fortune too, as well as we.

Piſ. Tuſh *Lincus* this cannot diſcourage me,
For we that trafficke with credulitie,
And with opinion, ſtill ſhall cheriſht bee.
But here your errour was to enter firſt
And be before me, for you ſhould haue let
Me made the way, that I might haue diſſlinkt
That chayne of Zeale that holds in amitie,
And calld vp doubt in their eſtabliſht rites,

Which would haue made you ſuch an eaſy way,
As that you might haue brought in what you would,
Vpon their ſhaken and diſcattered mindes,
For our profeſſion any thing refutes,
And all's vnſetled whereas faith diſputes.
Mel. Now what a muttring keepe you there, away
Be gone I ſay, and beſt too, whilſt you may.
And ſince we haue redeem'd our ſelues ſo well
Out of the hands of miſchiefe, let vs all
Exile with them their ill example too,
Which neuer more remaynes, as it begun,
But is a wicked fire t'a far worſe ſonne,
And ſtayes not till it makes vs ſlaues vnto
(That vniuerſall Tyran of the earth
Cuſtome) who takes from vs our priuiledge
To be our ſelues, reades that great charter too
Of nature, and would likewiſe cancell man:
And ſo inchaynes our iudgments, and diſcourſe
Vnto the preſent vſances; that we
Muſt all our ſenſes there vnto refer,
Be as we finde our ſelues, not as we are,
As if we had no other touch of truth
And reaſon then the nations of the times
And place wherein we liue, and being our ſelues
Corrupted, and abaſtardized thus
Thinke all lookes ill, that doth not looke like vs.
And therefore let vs recollect our ſelues
Diſperſd into theſe ſtrange confuſed ill,
And be againe *Arcadians* as we were
In manners and in habit as we were.
And ſo ſolempnize this our happie day
Of reſtauration, with other feaſts of ioy.

FINIS.